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FEBRUARY, 1940

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CORONET

for

FEBRUARY

1940

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DAVID A. SMART

PUBLISHER

CORONET, FEBRUARY 1, 1940; VOL. 7, NO. 4; WHOLE NO. 40
CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1940, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

STARTING LIFE OVER AGAIN

A WORD TO REFUGEES, WITH OVERTONES FOR AMERICANS, BY A DISTINGUISHED IMMIGRANT



WITHIN the last two years or so thousands of Americans have given affidavits of support to relations, friends and comparative strangers. Most of them were only too proud to offer the freedom of their country to those whom they knew to be robbed of their liberty and of their very chance of life. They gave them gladly—certain that they were doing the right thing by the immigrants and by their own country.

In most cases, though, they were convinced that with giving the affidavits, their duties to the immigrants had ceased. And as far as financial obligations go, their duty certainly had. For what more can anyone give than the chance of starting life anew in a great and free country full of boundless possibilities?

And the less help of a financial kind is given the sooner will the immigrant be forced to adjust himself to the country of his adoption. For this he will have to do. But

there is one more thing the giver of affidavits might yet give: Help to acquire the new mental outlook necessary to those who have to face a new life in a new world.

Few Americans realize what mental readjustment is necessary for a European who, in middle age, is faced with the problem of starting life anew in a world so surprisingly strange to him. May I therefore, as a European who has striven to make this readjustment, speak from my heart and my experience? Here is what I would say to the refugee who has arrived upon the American shore:

I suppose it is only natural that when you have managed to come out of concentration camp alive, when you have been granted permission to stop washing the sidewalks of your home town, when you have finished cleaning the black boots of those who try to kick you, when your quota number has eventually come up, when you have at last set foot on

American soil and blessed the free earth you stand on—it is only natural to feel that all your troubles are over, that at last the air you breathe is free, that you have come out of a nightmare into a beautiful morning full of sunshine, and that life again has a meaning.

I am afraid, though, that it won't take you very long to find out that you are in for quite a pack of trouble yet. They are going to be different troubles than the ones you have just managed to escape. The troubles that will be facing you now will be much less tangible, but they will be very real difficulties nevertheless. The troubles of adjusting yourself to a new world, part of which you are now to become.

From the moment you set foot on American soil, you will have to try to stop being a refugee and earnestly strive to become an immigrant. And that will turn out to be anything but easy, for the mentalities of the two happen to be diametrically opposed. The refugee with every fiber of his being lives in the past and the immigrant lives only in and for the future. To cling to the mentality of a refugee has often been tried before, but never successfully, for on pity alone no one has ever been

known to exist for any length of time.

To the European immigrant, the trouble with America will primarily be that it is inhabited by white people, people who on first sight don't differ from him. Things would be terribly simple if Americans weren't white but green, for instance, for then no one for a moment would get the idea into his head that they might not be different, that they might, after all, be exactly like Europeans.

As it is, the immigrant goes on living on the assumption that they are Europeans until he suddenly is brought up with a jolt, when, in one way or other, he discovers that America happens to be inhabited by Americans and that Americans do happen to be different. Those differences might for quite a while escape your notice, for they are very subtle but nevertheless terribly, smartingly real.

The most apparent problem, but the least important of them all, is the language problem. Least important of them all, I say, because an Englishman today probably will find the necessary mental readjustment more difficult than practically any other European, notwithstanding the fact that he does happen to talk more or less the same language.

More important is it for the European to learn the new rules of the game of life as played in America. They are different from the rules he was used to in the part of the world from which he came.

For one thing, life in America is practically without any background. In Europe one's first aim was to fit oneself into a life that went on all around one, governed by strict rules, conventions and rituals. In Europe everybody seems to have a standing in life, everybody, high or low, belongs somewhere, fits into some sphere, some social or traditional strata. In America, no one belongs. There are no social or traditional fences which cannot be climbed. Everybody can rise to a place, and come crashing down to any place too.

You, the European immigrant, will have to weather the shock, whether you like it or not, of the discovery that America does not possess a ritual of life to which you will be able to adapt yourself. Life in America, in spite of its very high state of civilization, is still something very raw, something beautifully new, something which you can yet model to your liking. And even if you should prefer not to model your own life here, you will have to. For there is no hiding away in a nook of your own, there

are no grooves into which you might fit, there are no walls against which to stand.

Life in America does not know the security which you are used to, and it happens that the insecurity of American life is the one great motive power behind it, making its great successes possible. Every position, and be it the seemingly strongest, is constantly being challenged. Hardly anything is definitely established.

You may consider it surprising that the American conception of life should be so different from the European, for were not they who set up the American civilization Europeans? Yes, but they were Europeans who no longer could stand Europe, who were sick of it, who were sick enough of it to leave everything behind which they possessed and to start life anew in a wild, unknown continent, a life of which they knew nothing except that it would be a free life all of their own.

And here let me make a remark which, I think, is important enough even to risk drawing the accusation upon me that what I say is in very bad taste: You, the immigrant of today, were not given a choice. Almost certainly you emigrated because you had to go, because it would have meant

death or life-long torture if you didn't.

The fact that you were not faced with any alternative, that you were not left with any choice, may produce a kind of resentment within you, a resentment which might turn against the country which you are thus "forced" to live in. How it does, the psychiatrist will be able to explain, not I. You are left with an empty place in your heart, you go on longing for what you have not given up voluntarily, in fact you remain the perpetual refugee. That won't do any harm to America, though it will prevent you from becoming an asset to it, but it is bound to break you, eventually, body and soul.

Europeans suffer from many misconceptions about America. Far too many, as you will find out after you have lived here for a very short while.

For one thing, Europeans believe that in America time is money. If the inference is that Americans, therefore, have no time, it is all wrong. Americans have no end of time. They hurry from home to the office and they hurry from the office back home, but that is the only time they do hurry. The pace of American life stopped being hectic years ago. Today,

things take just as long in America as they do in Europe. Longer maybe, for by hurrying to and from their offices, Americans have saved so many minutes that they have more time to spend on other things.

Europeans, furthermore, have conceived the idea that America and everything American is standardized. And so it often is. But before you really get acquainted with America, you will be in for the greatest surprise of your life. You will discover that America has basically more individuality than any other country in the world. The ideal of self-reliance and individualism has thrived best in America.

Europeans are convinced that Americans are an extremely child-like and naïve people. If you get down to it, though, you will find out that it is not naïveté but the faith in humanity which Americans, for some unknown reason, still possess, that gives you that impression.

To be any good in America at all, you will, yourself, have to adopt that faith in humanity. And it won't do you any good to acquire it only provisionally. Retaining that faith until you have been let down and then discarding it is no great feat. To retain it

through all failures and through all disappointments, to retain it because you can't help it, to retain it because life, as you know it, would lose its meaning without it, is one of America's fundamental characteristics.

Europeans believe that life in America is brutal, but I wonder if life is less brutal anywhere else. Perhaps it is only camouflaged better in other parts of the world. At any rate, America has no pity for old age, for inefficiency, for lack of success. Unless you are successful, unless you remain efficient and stay young, life will throw you out into its back yard and leave you to die and rot. The car dumps strewn all over the United States are quite symbolical of the American spirit.

You will have to acquire the necessary toughness, a toughness shorn of the fear of stepping on someone else's toes, a toughness adorned with a perpetual smile. Humility is the one thing for which America has no room.

The European commercial form of life has led to the idea that money is easiest to be made where money is. This, for America, is decidedly untrue. This misconception is the main reason why most immigrants stick to the big cities, hang on to New York, Philadel-

phia and Chicago for all their worth.

It is a mistake, though, to believe that rewards are surest where people sit on top of one another and where money is piled up. Money is most easily made where the opportunities are greatest, and once you get a taste of that pioneer spirit, you will take the plunge, pack up your bag, and forge ahead into the remote places of the vast continent that still lie all around you. You will go out and build yourself your own life, make your own empire, or dig your own grave, with your bare hands or with your unaided brains, out of one or the other of the countless possibilities which this country yet offers.

Europeans still think of America as the land of milk and honey. I am afraid that this, again, is a misconception. America happens to be the land of hard work, harder work than anywhere else in the world, and of higher awards than anywhere else in the world. Nowhere else is the reward so tied up with the true value of your work.

Nothing anyone did or was in the Old World counts. Whoever steps ashore this side of the Statue of Liberty must start right in again at the very beginning. He who doesn't will very soon find out

that he has made a mistake. I know it is rather a tall order to ask a fully grown man to start again where he started when he was eighteen. But I am afraid that that is exactly what he will have to do.

America, as I said before, is not a country that has patience with failure. Of all places, it will least of all do in America to feel or look desperate. Even if you are desperate, don't give yourself away. One of the most important things to learn in America is to smile—to smile continually from the time you get up to the time you go to sleep.

Don't, because you are faced with the task of changing your world and with changing your mental outlook, be ashamed of what you are. Don't try to hide it and don't lose the just pride in your descent. Don't try to shed your skin and slip on a new one, for usually the new one doesn't really fit. One's tradition isn't a thing one can get rid of without destroying oneself.

America has so far managed to

get along quite well without you. America will be only too glad to accept anything of value which you have to give it, but it would be a great mistake to believe that America is naïve enough to accept everything you may try to palm off on it. Americans, by instinct more than by knowledge, well know how to differentiate between a fake and the real thing, and unless you have something real to offer, America is certain sooner or later to let you down with a crash.

If in time you have succeeded in acquiring the new mental outlook so necessary for American life, a whole world lies ahead of you, full of tremendous possibilities. Remember that nothing is impossible for you in America. You can climb to anywhere, you can fill any post, except the one of President of the United States, and I shouldn't shed any tears about that, for I hear that F. D. R.'s job is not such an enviable one after all.

—COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN

SHAVIAN CHARITY

At a "cause" ball Bernard Shaw invited a rather unprepossessing dowager to dance. "How good of you," twittered his partner, "to single out such an insignificant person as

myself for a dance." Shaw bowed gallantly from the waist and replied, "Indeed, milady, if I am not mistaken we are at a charity ball."

—ALBERT BRANDT

SO SAYS THE LAW

Things Blackstone Never Knew

PUZZLING, indeed, is a recent special ruling by Georgia's department of labor on those deserving of unemployment compensation. "One who is absent from work on account of being arrested and jailed, if convicted, cannot be said to have good cause for failing to report for work."

★ ★ ★

IF YOU take a bath in a washtub does that make a bathtub of the washtub? Owners of East Side tenements, protesting the bathtub tax assessed by the city, appealed to the Appellate Court. Their tenements didn't have bathtubs, they explained. Washtubs, yes. And they were glad to pay the much lower washtub tax. But if tenants took baths in the washtubs, that wasn't to be regarded as their fault or responsibility.

Certainly not, said the Appellate Court. A washtub was still a washtub, no matter to what use it was put. "The fact that a passenger car is used occasionally to transport items other than personal baggage does not make it a truck."

★ ★ ★

PLEASE, petitioned shocked citizens of Flatbrookville, Sussex County, New Jersey, of State Commissioner of Alcoholic Beverages D. Frederick Burnett, do not grant Emmet Welter a liquor license. He wants to turn an

old church into a dance hall with drinking on the side. But a vacant church is only an unoccupied building, it was decided. And if Mr. Welter would remove the Gothic doorway and the window frames, which endowed the building with its religious atmosphere, there was then no further reason why the license should not be granted.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Mrs. Rose Reginsky of New York City sent Mrs. Catelina Muccia a nose-to-thumb greeting, the latter haled her into court. To Magistrate Michael A. Ford, sitting in the Harlem court and before whom the embattled ladies appeared, nose-thumbing's rating as a provocative affront depends on the relative positions of "Thumbee" and "Thumber" at the time of the thumbing.

"In this case," he ruled, "the defendant, the 'thumber,' was at the bottom of the stairs and retreating, whereas the one thumbed at was at the top of the stairs, or at a distance of about ten feet away. Under such circumstances I do not think it invited a conflict."

So the summons was dismissed. Nose-thumbing, at a distance, is evidently not a wage to battle but a legal, peace-abiding gesture.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

THE ORIENTAL GAME OF "GO"

AN ANALYSIS—PERHAPS—OF THE PSYCHOLOGY
BEHIND THE JAPANESE ADVENTURE IN CHINA



OUT here in Tokyo there is one thing that no war can disturb, no crisis bring to a conclusion—a thing which may in fact be a key to the China war itself. I realized this the other night when I was taken to a party in one of Tokyo's sumptuous restaurants which caters to tired business men in a man's country.

We were to join some fifty other diners at the sort of grand banquet the Japanese delight in. As we entered a large matted room there were several pairs of gentlemen in one corner surrounded by admiring groups. The gentlemen sat cross-legged on the floor, and between each pair was a squatty little table about a foot high, its surface marked out in squares.

My friend and I joined one of the groups.

"What are they doing?" I asked as one of the gentlemen gravely placed a black button on an intersection and his opponent responded with an impassive grunt.

"They play 'Go.' Very interesting game. I think so." And he added his own murmur of approval to that of the group as the opponent placed a white piece on the board, then subsided into dignified inactivity.

"Something like chess?" I hazarded.

"Oh no," he said. "Not so simple. I think so."

I looked at the table again. The surface was marked with nineteen parallel lines going north and south, nineteen other lines going east and west. At the moment all was quiet on both eastern and western fronts. The pieces looked like double convex lenses and they were slapped down on the intersections rather than in the squares—a bit of typical Oriental perversity.

"How many of those?" I asked.

My friend indulged in strenuous arithmetical translation. "Three hundred sixty-one," he said. "Same as number of intersections."

"I suppose you wouldn't be comfortable in the Orient unless things were crowded," I said.

"Oh, sometimes only use two hundred fifty," he said.

I looked at the board. It was sparsely populated — practically uninhabited. There seemed to be only a hundred pieces or so, and the players were in no hurry to increase the count. Chess, I thought, would never gain favor here. Too undignified in its mad haste. I could make nothing of the plan by which the pieces were laid down, so I turned to my friend again.

"Very simple," he said. "If you learn the rules."

"It has rules, does it?" I said. "That must help—some. What are they trying to do?"

"They try to capture more of the playing field than the other man. Man who captures most territory wins."

It suddenly dawned upon me that our failure to understand what is going on in China is due to our ignorance of the Oriental game of "Go." The Japanese are going it in China, as the Chinese well understand, being inveterate players of "Go" themselves.

"Could you explain," I ventured, "how they decide what to do? They seem to put their pieces down anywhere that suits them."

"They must try to surround the other. Man who surrounds most of the board wins. We measure the territory by counting the empty spaces that are captured."

"Oh," I said. "The way you're doing in China. Are your generals fond of this game?"

"Oh yes, very much. They play it all the time."

I looked at the board again. There were concentrations of pieces in all four corners but no one seemed to be getting anywhere in particular. The players were quite pleased with the situation nonetheless. They drew their pieces from the black jars at their sides and slapped them into place just as if they knew what they were doing. But neither seemed to do much surrounding.

"Why don't they try bombing?" I suggested.

But my friend rejected this idea. "We say this is the battle between black crow and white heron," he explained.

"Which side are you rooting for?"

"Rooting?" He looked puzzled. "Oh—crows win. I think so. Crows win," he repeated, and began to laugh without restraint. I smiled uncomfortably, thinking that I must have missed a bit of very delicious Oriental humor.

"Very funny," he explained after getting his face straightened out to the point where he could use it. "Crow in English is black bird. *Kuro* in Japanese means black. You see?"

I saw. The Japanese are tremendously fond of puns, and an international pun like this might be the making of a man.

Waitresses began to bring in the food now, setting it down on the little tables not much more than a foot high which were spread about the large room. Still the game went on.

But finally the observers began to move away toward the dining tables. As I looked back over my shoulder the players too were rising.

"Have they finished?" I inquired. "Who won?"

"Oh no, they do not finish so quickly. This game started long time ago. I saw some of it at a banquet last week."

"Then they won't finish tonight?"

"Yes. I think so."

"After dinner?"

My friend looked puzzled. I remembered then that you must never ask a Japanese a negative question, because he will always say "yes" when he means—when we mean, at any rate—"no."

I tried again. "When will they finish?"

"There is no hurry. Maybe some other time they meet. I think so."

"What do they do with the board in the meantime? Keep it in a safe?"

"Oh no. They remember where the pieces are. They put them all back next time."

I made a mental note never to owe anything to a Japanese.

"Then how," I persisted, "will they decide when the game is over? Or doesn't it ever finish?" I began to wonder whether the Japanese mind was not cluttered with thousands of remembered "Go" games uncompleted, waiting to continue whenever a player happened to meet one of his opponents.

"It is over," he assured, "when both of them cannot get any advantage by playing any more."

When I got home I laid out my map of China with nineteen lines running north and south, nineteen east and west. After rereading Oriental history and taking a few lessons in "Go" I intend to present the first understandable analysis and forecast of events in China.

I think so. —BRADFORD SMITH

MY BROTHER BECOMES A STAR

GIVING AN HONEST ACCOUNTING OF "HOW IT FEELS" TO BE JAMES STEWART'S SISTER



SOMETIMES people say to me, "It must be fun to have a brother in the movies." It is fun. It's so much fun I want to write about it, although perhaps I shouldn't.

Jim went to Hollywood four years ago. The night before he left, I drew him off into a corner of our living-room and said, "Now please, Jim, write me nice long letters and tell me all about Hollywood and the stars."

Jim wrote me nice long letters telling me how marvelous the climate was, how many pounds he had gained, and what a wonderful little model airplane he was building. It would fly all by itself for fifteen minutes.

"But Jim," I implored, "what are the stars like? What do they look like?"

"You should see how many cats I have," he rambled. "First I had six, and yesterday when I counted them there were twenty-four!"

So I gave up. Jim's in the movies, but I don't know anything

about Hollywood. All I can do is read the fan magazines conscientiously every month, and talk to friends who once lived beside a girl who used to be in pictures!

When Jim's first movie, *Next Time We Love*, with Margaret Sullavan, opened in Pittsburgh, Mother and I drove in to see it from Indiana, Pennsylvania. Dad stayed at home, worrying. Reaching the city, we parked the car, had lunch in silence, and walked steadily to the Alvin Theatre.

"What is playing now?" I whispered to the attendant.

"*Next Time We Love*, with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart," he boomed.

I looked at Mother. Her face seemed to have paled a little.

"Are you scared, Mother?" I asked.

"Not at all," she said in a strangled tone.

Holding on to each other we made our way down the aisle of the theatre, and found our seats.

Suddenly there appeared on the screen a close-up of Jim, in his own tweed suit, his own polo coat, and his own terrible hat. His face seemed too large to me—so awfully *large*. I wondered why the audience didn't gasp in surprise, but there was no sound. I looked around nervously at the upturned faces. Did they like him? Did they think he was any good? I felt strangely fierce. Could it be possible that they wouldn't like him?

Quite suddenly the man sitting behind us said loudly, "Who is that kid?"

I felt Mother stiffen. How magnificent, if she would turn to him and say, "That, sir, is my son!" And I wondered in a quiet sort of terror if she would. But she resisted the impulse beautifully.

It was late when we arrived in Indiana, and as we turned into our driveway, the headlights fell on Dad standing by the garage, his dog beside him. He opened the car door.

"Well," said Dad in a voice gruff with suspense, "how was he?"

Several motion pictures—*Rose Marie*, *Speed*, *Small-Town Girl*, followed in rapid succession; and when, one day, Dad came home for lunch, a fan magazine under his arm, bearing a full-page pic-

ture of the lanky young Princeton boy who was beginning to be noticed a little in Hollywood, we realized—incredible though it was—that Jim was "in the movies."

Option time approached at the studios, however, and Jim's letters became skeptical. Since his successes had been modest, he wrote, they might not renew his contract.

"If they take up your option, Jim," I wrote, "please send me a record for my new victrola."

Weeks passed, and there appeared in the mail one day, a package from Hollywood for me. I tore it open, discovering not one record, but dozens of records—Bing Crosby and Ray Noble, Richard Wagner and Bach! Coming home that evening, Dad heard, blocks away, the *Ride of the Valkyrie* booming triumphantly.

Letters slowly drifted in. An old acquaintance of Mother's in Iowa had seen a movie last night with a Stewart boy in it; he wasn't related in any way, was he? A classmate of Dad's wrote from Shanghai; that wasn't the same serious little boy in glasses he had seen at Princeton reunions fifteen years ago, was it?

We became movie-fans. Picture magazines overran our house. We read about the stars, what their favorite colors were, and

what they liked to eat for lunch. In our home, *Photoplay* had replaced the *Atlantic Monthly* — irrevocably.

The following year, I came to New York to live with my sister, Doddie, who was studying art. By some chance, a newspaper heard that we were here and sent a reporter around to our apartment to see us. We were thrilled. Nothing so glamorous as this had ever happened to us before. We were dismayed, however, that he found us in aprons hanging curtains and eating brownies sent from home. He was a good-looking young man, and very pleasant. We later learned that he had never seen Jim in a picture — never, in fact, went to the movies at all, and that he had been a reporter for just a week. But we got along perfectly that afternoon, and he even persuaded us to loan him a little snapshot of ourselves.

As he was leaving, I pleaded earnestly with him, "Please don't write a lot of crazy things. Just say that we're terribly proud of Jim."

He nodded sympathetically and left. Elated, we hung the other curtain and finished the brownies.

A few weeks later Doddie burst into our little living-room with the article. It was inclosed in a letter from Mother, the tone of which

was one of wonder and reproach. We read the article and were staggered. Doddie hid it immediately, and we never have mentioned it since then. I do remember, however, that in the snapshot we were colored girls, and that Doddie was recorded as having said that acting was the sparkling, bubbling wine of life. That good-looking pleasant young reporter had better not come to our house ever again, because we're mad at him.

Slowly Jim's star rose in Hollywood, while Mother and Dad in Indiana and Doddie and I in New York looked on in happy amazement. It was hard to believe that Jim was really a movie actor. And always, we kept our fingers crossed lest tomorrow, or the next day, this lovely, fantastic little bubble would burst.

Meanwhile, he was working hard, appearing in more and more pictures. *Seventh Heaven*, *Of Human Hearts*, *Vivacious Lady*, and *Shop Worn Angel* all opened in New York, and to each first showing, Doddie and I went, never without a certain weakness in the knees, a certain flutter in the stomach; and when I am quite old, I think I shall remember clearly some of those evenings.

It is a desperately cold night.

Doddie and I scurry along in the bitter wind, past Radio City. We are on our way to see Jim's new picture which has just opened at the Capitol Theatre.

"We should really go to Jim's movies in a taxi," I say, "and sweep in like regal ladies."

"We will next time," Doddie promises.

We reach Broadway and wait for the traffic. I glance up at Jim's name in lights, and so does Doddie, but we pretend not to notice it; and with the same inexplicable furtiveness, we buy our tickets and hurry up to the great balcony where we stretch out, smoke cigarettes, chew gum, and cry.

This Christmas Jim came to visit us here in New York, before we three went home for the holiday. It had been two years since he had been East, and we didn't realize that he would be recognized. When people stared at him as we strode down the street, Doddie and I tried to appear blasé; but it was undeniably exciting.

For three days we sailed around New York, doing exactly what we wanted to do, and having a wonderful time.

One evening, as we were leaving a night club, photographers

appeared in the lobby. "Get him with a girl," one of them whispered. I fled, but someone pushed poor Doddie and the two of them were snapped looking like frightened sheep.

Going about with Jim introduced to Doddie and me a type of person we never knew existed—the strange young man who raced down the street to shake his hand; the eager little girl who jumped on the running-board of the taxi and begged for an autograph "for Geraldine"; the aristocratic little lady who wished him a Merry Christmas on the Avenue. They seemed to me to be marvelous people—natural and spontaneous and charming.

On Christmas Eve, we had dinner at Ralph's. We ate there for sentimental reasons, for Ralph's had known us in other less cheerful days. It was there, six years before, that Jim and I had had a mournful Thanksgiving dinner. I had come down from Vassar, a green and sad freshman, and Jim, just out of Princeton, had a part in his first Broadway play, a piece called *Carrie Nation*. I had gone to the matinee that afternoon, and had sat alone in the half-empty theatre straining to distinguish Jim, who in the role of a bearded sheriff, appeared only in mob scenes.

And it was at Ralph's that a little later Jim and Doddie and I had stayed up late to read the reviews of his latest play, a Viennese drama named *A Journey by Night*. The opening had not been auspicious. In the second act, Jim had struggled so desperately to open a door, the set had swayed around him ominously. The audience ceased coughing and giggled cruelly, while Doddie and I, in our finery, sat in agony.

"James Stewart," remarked a critic that night, "is about as Viennese as a hamburger."

So we had dinner at Ralph's Christmas Eve for sentimental reasons. As the evening passed and sounds of carols and holiday merriment floated in from the street, we grew reminiscent and nostalgic and very wistful.

Jim had many stories to tell, the prize one being, I think, the Story of the Suspenders. This occurred on Jim's first visit to the Trocadero

in Hollywood. As he got out of the taxi his suspenders broke; and as he entered those gilded doors, his reflections were bitter: "Here I am almost a movie star, and here with me is a beautiful actress. It is a wonderful night, the orchestra is playing, and I am at the Trocadero. And what is happening to me? I am losing my pants."

Each of us was permitted to tell his favorite story, and each could scarcely wait for the other to finish. But it was growing late, and we had a train to catch.

"Oh dear!" I cried in an ecstasy of sentimentality, "isn't this all too lovely?"

Whereupon Jim withered me cruelly. I shall never forgive him.

"Now Ginny," he said, "don't get sensitive."

At midnight we boarded the train, exhausted and grouchy, and before we knew it morning had come. It was Christmas and we were home. —VIRGINIA STEWART

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

TRISTAN BERNARD, known equally for his wit and for the work of his pen, visited the home of a friend who had become a doting father and, although a year had passed, had not gotten over the miracle. For hours Bernard was subjected to a stream of stories illustrating the brilliance of his

friend's off-spring. "Think of it," the proud father announced as the *pièce de résistance* of his repertoire, "today he looked at me and said 'Papa.'"

"Hmm," said Bernard, reflectively, "of course he is too young to know what he is talking about."

—ERNEST WALLIS

PORTRAIT OF HOYNINGEN-HUENE

A COSMOPOLITE, ARCHEOLOGIST, GENTLEMAN,
SCHOLAR—AND CRACKERJACK PHOTOGRAPHER



MR. HENRY JAMES once said somewhere, that the province of art is "all life, all feeling, all observation, all vision."

If this is true, the singular Baron Hoyningen-Huene, amateur archeologist, chronicler of stones, and most distinctive of fashion photographers, is an ace proconsul in the province.

To measure his place, it is helpful to spade up two old figures in literary history—two of the arch observers. For Hoyningen walks with one arm around the shoulder of Sir Richard Burton, eclectic translator of the so-called *Arabian Nights*; the other crooking the absinthe glass of the fabulous Duc des Esscintes—cultivated, monastic hero of Huysmans' *raffine* novel about sensations.

Hoyningen looks like the Velázquez portrait of the blond and elongated Phillip IV of Spain—who observed that no two clocks ticked exactly alike.

He wears his face masked.

He has the scholarship, the linguistic flair, the love for the East and classicism that marked both Burton and T. E. Lawrence. He has the same discipline, the same passion for solitude and exotic escape.

He talks with pronounced style—easily, expansively.

His manner combines personal charm with the disinterestedness of the lions in front of the 42nd Street Library.

After ten minutes' talk in his living quarters—lined with modern paintings and polylingual books on the several arts—you sense two dominant qualities: (1) An infinite capacity for finely drawn pleasure; (2) integration, carefully-planned adjustment.

Of these, the second seems arbitrarily imposed—like composure at the foot of the guillotine.

★ ★ ★

Hoyningen was born in St. Petersburg, in 1900. His father was a Baltic Baron—a descendant



LUISE RAINER

of the Teutonic Knights who marched up the shores of the Baltic to save the natives from heathenism, heterodoxy . . . and

the burdens of owning their own land. His Detroit-born mother was the daughter of the American Ambassador to the court of Czar



HEAD OF A GIRL

Alexander III. Hoyningen went to school at the Imperial Lyceum, in St. Petersburg. Later in the Crimea. During the first revolu-

tion, in 1917, he fled from Russia —continued studies in England. Later that year, when the October revolution started, he signed up



STILL LIFE

with the British force sent out to liquidate Lenin. The less said about this, the better. Hoyningen at this parlous time was seventeen.

He was equipped by the British with an arctic outfit, presumably for service around Archangel. A mistake occurred somewhere in

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SEATED GIRL

plans. He landed with his furs, on the sun-scorched shores of the Black Sea. After two years, Wrangel and Kolchak were de-

feated. Hoyningen became a sergeant. The expeditionary force went back to England. Hoyningen became a resident of France.

He lived in Paris—an *émigré*, without special training, without funds. Qualities in thinking began to crystallize—patterns set. According to a certain story, Hoyningen met an old school friend in Paris. The meeting was gay. Suddenly, Hoyningen fell over. He hadn't eaten in three days. When he got up, the friend struck him. "That," he said, "is for not letting me know."

The problem of living was acute. Odd jobs cropped up here and there. Hoyningen went to work for the Belgian government—inspecting railway ties in Poland.

He ran a restaurant on the Riviera.

He studied stenography and bookkeeping.

He worked as an extra on the movie lots in Paris.

His sister, in the interim, had opened a dressmaking establishment in Paris. Here, Hoyningen tried his hand at fashion drawings.

This led to fashion reporting. He attended the openings, learned to place celebrities at sight, learned to remember dresses. His memory bounded ahead. He developed an amazing facility for reproducing the gestures of people, for recreating the details of a dress.

In time he began making fashion drawings for *Harper's Bazaar*, de-

signing backgrounds for French *Vogue's* fashion photographs.

One day, working in the Vogue studios, he waited vainly for the photographer. Models, backgrounds were set—no photographer.

"I decided," said Hoyningen, "I had to make the picture. Naturally, I was groping in the dark—and scared stiff . . ."

The picture was good, immediately published.

He decided to give up drawing—take up photography.

Steichen was then in Paris.

Hoyningen and Steichen met. There was instant *sympat*.

"Watching Steichen work . . . his assurance and his tremendous charm in handling people," Hoyningen said, "taught me more about photography than all the textbooks or any school. I consider Steichen the greatest photographer since the invention of the photographic medium."

It is interesting to note that Hoyningen himself is noted for his ability to handle people . . . for his speed, deftness, *éclat*. Yet, in talking about Steichen he unconsciously singles out the same qualities:

"I don't think there is any photographer," he said, "that puts as much psychology in his work as

Steichen. He is like a tamer in a circus with a pack of wild cats and lions."

But even in the beginning, Hoyningen was no parvenu to psychology. One day an ugly and vain dowager came for rapid glorification.

Light her as he would, turn her, twist her—there was no good angle. Nothing short of plastic surgery would do the trick.

Suddenly, Hoyningen remembered that in Paris, when fuses blow, only the electric company can do the repair work—and the company's men, with Gallic efficiency, never do today what is, even pleasanter tomorrow.

He blew the circuit. And that was that.

When Steichen heard about it, he said, "It's too bad the New York Edison Company isn't run by a Frenchman."

Hoyningen applied himself to the commercial specialty of fashion photography, working first for Condé Nast, then for *Harper's Bazaar*. Time pulled its quota of success. Today he is headman to the field. Examples of some of his color work for *Harper's* are shown in these pages.

About his work, he is more than modest. "I can only learn by experience," he says, "not by theory.

I haven't a scientific mind . . . and I don't know anything about the technicalities of photography.

"It still is rather adventurous . . . rather hazardous."

★ ★ ★

Hoyningen's personal life out-marvels Aldous Huxley in his most bizarre moments.

He is said to have a will that can be turned on or off like a spigot, to swap silk for flea-bites without batting a lash.

Part of each year he lives like a pasha at "Dar Essurur"—his villa in Tunis, overlooking the Gulf of Hammamet. Part of the year he is on permanent safari.

Designed by himself, in Tunisian peasant style, his Hammamet place looks like something out of a miniature by the famous Kamal ad-Din Bihzad of Herat, "Marvel of the Age."

The ceiling of each room is cross-vaulted, in the old Roman manner; the floor tiled. Quiet pools carpet the courts.

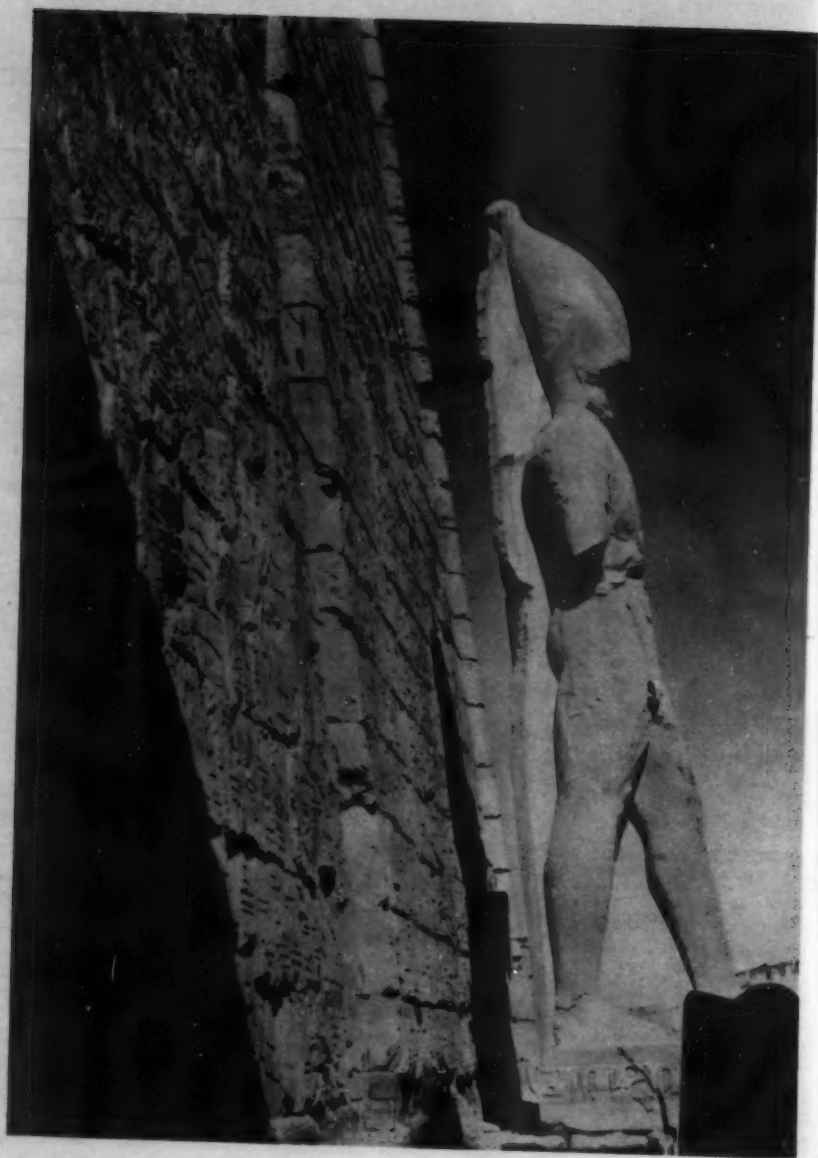
At night, native musicians sound their *ouds* and their pipes.

"Visiting George at Hammamet," said a certain friend, "is a fantastic delight. He lives in true oriental splendor—native servants, costumes, entertainers—great attention to wine and service—but all for his guests, mind you. For



COLOSSUS OF THOTMES III

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COLOSSUS OF RAMESES II

CORONET

himself, George is indifferent to personal comfort."

Hoyningen spends a large part of each summer in Greece — at times practically commutes to Hammamet. He uses Rome as an over-night stop for Athens—which is perhaps as good a use for Rome as any.

He seems happiest far away and long ago. He makes long treks across the desert with date caravans. He has crossed Africa with the least possible excuse. Egypt, Greece, Indonesia and Malaysia—bygone glories—hold him more than anything else. He has an overwhelming compulsion to wander.

His one psychological bracer is the architecture of a dead world—probably one of the few satisfying escapes open to a civilized man.

Hoyningen expressed this in a somewhat cryptic way, saying (in a completely different connection): "I believe that, so far, the least perishable substance we have is stone. . . ."

"Substance" can have more than an architectural implication.

★ ★ ★

Carrying this reasoning a step farther, Hoyningen has made the visual recording of ancient architecture the greatest and most absorbing interest of his life.

He dismisses his studio work with a shrug; his pictures of stone are a thing apart.

He has imposed on himself the colossal task of shooting the panorama of architecture from prehistoric times to the end of the Roman Empire West.

"Ancient Architecture," he said, "impinges on forms of nature. I am trying to get, as nearly as possible, the mood of a country . . . and the impression it gives you in relation to the architecture."

He took up a picture of Gateway to the Ankor Vat, choked by jungle growths. "Ankor Vat, for example, represents, today, the struggle between stone and forest. Obviously, the forest is winning."

Hoyningen's project, already bolstered by hundreds of prints, takes in Egypt, Syria, Greece, Cambodia and Ankor, and the Roman world.

★ ★ ★

On the province of photography, Hoyningen has decided views:

Photography for its own sake—abstractions—he throws wholesale out of the window.

"The lack of control of the artist's hand in creating a picture is, in a way," he says, "a limitation which does not occur in painting.

"The limitation of photography

is that you can't get away from realism. All attempts at abstract photography, trick photography, and photomontage have not been as successful, or as personally creative, as the same attempts made through the medium of the painter's brush."

He turns a glassy eye toward modern photography. "In my opinion," he says, "there has been hardly any progress esthetically, or in technique, since the beginnings of the photographic art."

Hoyningen himself has a strong leaning toward the nineteenth-century photography — although he feels it is fashionable, today, to overrate it. "The subject matter of that period has more charm," he says, "and the photographers of that period were more limited than they are now . . . and had to be more honest."

"Further, the photographers of that period, such as Daguerre, David Octavius Hill, Victor Hugo, Nadar, Brady, and many anonymous photographers, were men of outstanding talent."

"They were concerned with quality, not quantity. They had time. They gave themselves infinite pains to produce these pictures. And they were handicapped by the hazards and mysteries of a pictorial medium in its stages of

infancy. This mystery seems to penetrate into the pictures.

"The mystery of a past era adds nostalgia . . . romanticism . . ."

★ ★ ★

The mechanical side of Hoyningen's photographic work is relatively simple. In the studio he works with a standard view camera, and regulation equipment.

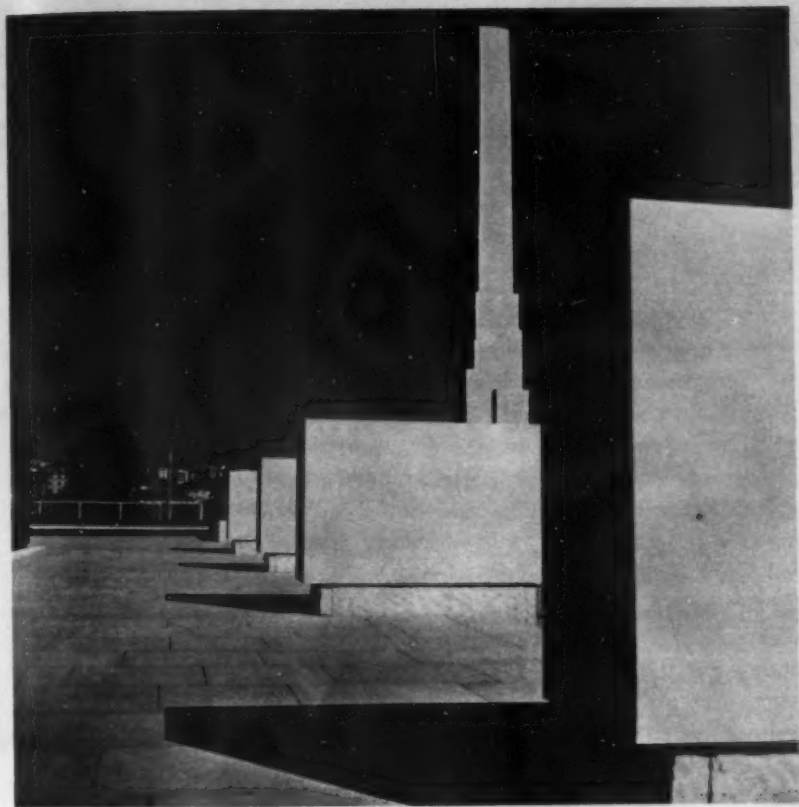
Rigors of the dark room . . . special formulas . . . film . . . papers . . . processes give him little concern. He shoots his travel pictures with a Rolleiflex.

He feels that technical photography's only progress has been made in the field of color—through the medium of Kodachrome.

Much of his own work has been shot in this medium—the Kodachrome being exposed in 8 x 10 sheets, in a standard view camera.

Hoyningen lights for Kodachrome as he would for black and white—avoiding the flat effects generally produced in color work.

He feels, among other things, the speed margin Kodachrome offers is of great importance. A one-shot color camera, dividing the image into three parts, is necessarily slow. This means intense light—hence the firing of flash bulbs. The flare of flash bulbs produces harshness.



FORUM MUSSOLINI, ROME

In mental caliber, Hoyningen stands close to the quality of the pioneer photographers in America . . . particularly Stieglitz and Steichen . . . and perhaps Baron de Meyer. He has the color, the culture, the world-view.

It is unfortunate that so much of this spirit and integrity of feel-

ing has to be put into fashion fripperies. That, however, is a quirk of time.

Fashions give him an exceptional income. The income supports his travels, makes Greece come to life again, lets him, too, see what Sophocles saw on the Aegean. —ROBERT W. MARKS

EVENING CALL

CLEARLY, FROM THE LITTLE SHACK BURIED IN THE WOODS, CAME THE SHOUTING OF THE INSANE MAN



IT WAS cold, the sort of night when belated lingerers in summer cottages think longingly of their New York apartments, and go to bed early to keep warm.

"Sounds like a knock," great grandmother said, putting down her bridge hand.

"More likely a branch hitting the house as it fell," grandmother suggested. "Three spades. What a wind! All the leaves'll be down tomorrow at this rate." Grandmother patted efficiently the white shingled bob she intended to take with her to the grave. "Going to pass, G. G.?"

"There, I heard it again," great grandmother insisted.

I went to the side door toward which great grandmother's attention was directed. A face showed dimly through the glass panes, staring in out of the autumn tempest.

"Thought perhaps you'd let us come in with you a while and set," an old man's voice said breath-

lessly. "Fred's begun to holler."

"Surely," I said, opening the door. "Begun to holler?"

A vast old man, weight about three hundred pounds, came blinking into the lighted house. He looked frightened and apologetic.

"Said he'd kill Eli," a woman's voice added.

The woman also came shuffling into the light. But she didn't blink. She stared impassively, as usual. Her dirty skirt sagged down behind, wrapping itself about the wrinkled stockings on her ankles. Her dirty hair strayed around her face and crept down her neck.

"I says to my wife, Mrs. Brant, she'll let us set with her," the old man said. "There's safety in numbers," he added, with an attempt at a smile.

"There are six outside doors to this house," grandmother said distinctly, looking at her cards. "A babe in arms could break any of 'em down."

"Don't talk nonsense," great

grandmother said angrily. "Who would want to break down any of our doors?"

"Fred's begun to holler," the old man explained, coming apologetically into great grandmother's presence.

"What if he has?" great grandmother said severely. "Sit down, Mr. Cone, we're glad to see you. That's a comfortable chair by the fireplace, Mrs. Cone."

Something had happened, I thought. What was it? Only silence, complete silence in the room, projected ominously against the creaking, swishing and roaring of the storm. We were all listening to hear Fred holler. Sure enough, from the direction of his little shack, buried in the woods half a mile down the mountain, we heard the insane man shouting.

"I suppose you took the axe away from him," I said to his father.

"Couldn't," Mr. Cone said apologetically.

"Eli's gettin' slow," Mrs. Cone said. "Fred's stronger than him anyways. He tried to kill Eli."

"A child could break in any of our doors," grandmother said.

I went to the phone and called the police station in the nearest town, three miles away. How tell it all in the fewest, most distinct

words, I thought as the operator switched in my number.

"This is Mrs. Brant on South Mountain," I said. "Fred Cone's gone off his head and threatened to kill his father, who came to me for protection. Fred's running about in the woods, shouting, with an axe over his shoulder. Will you please send someone up to get him?"

"Who'd you say you were?" the voice came back. "Mrs. Brant on South Mountain? Yes, ma'am. You want we should come out and arrest a man. We can't do it, lady, without you come down to headquarters and swear out a warrant. And how you goin' to swear out a warrant for a man who ain't done nothin'?"

"I didn't make it clear," I said. "A crazy man's on the loose. He's been in the State Insane Asylum twice. Now he's gone off his head again and threatened to kill his father."

"Tell you what you do, lady," the voice came over the wire. "You tell his father to come down to the Magistrate tomorrow and swear out a warrant for him."

"But tomorrow his father may be dead, if you don't give us some protection," I said. "Except for seventy-five-year-old Mr. Cone, we're women alone in a flimsy

summer cottage, and our nearest neighbor is half a mile away."

"We can't arrest anybody without he's done nothin'," the voice came back impatiently.

"Do you mean to tell me that when a man's trying to murder his father, you won't step in until the murder's completed?" I asked. "Well, if murder does happen here, I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. I'm going to phone everyone I know in the county that we've asked for police protection, and you've refused it."

This was an empty threat, because everyone we knew in the county had already returned to New York, but it seemed to have an effect.

"Easy, lady! Who said I refused protection?" the voice came back. "But we got to do things legal. As soon as we can get a warrant, we'll be up."

I went back into the room. Mr. and Mrs. Cone sat bolt upright in chairs devised for lounging. Grandmother and great grandmother inspected their cards, without interest. My fourteen-year-old daughter peered out of a black window.

"I think I see him behind the maple tree," she said.

"It's time for you to go to bed," I answered unsympathetically.

"Wouldn't it be better if we all stayed together?" grandmother asked.

"Perhaps," I granted.

"What nonsense!" great grandmother said angrily. "Who could want to hurt us?"

It was growing colder. The wood fire burned dully and smoked.

"Have you always lived on this mountain, Mr. Cone?" great grandmother asked.

For a weary hour she and Mr. Cone asked and answered questions, while I strained to hear approaching steps under the turmoil of the wind. Was he creeping up toward the back door, the farthest from us of the six, his footsteps inaudible in the raging of the storm? Deciding that this was the most probable point of invasion, I concentrated my attention on the swing door from the kitchen. I'll run at him before he realizes, I thought, and knock his wind out the way they're said to do in insane asylums. But would I dare run at a maniac with a lifted axe?

Another half-hour dragged away. I went to the phone again. "When are you going to get up here?" I asked the police station.

"We're doing everything we can," the voice said. "The Magistrate's across the river in West-

chester. When he comes home we'll swear out a warrant. Three times already we've called his house. You just keep cool, lady."

"But this is an emergency," I protested, in vain.

The minutes dragged slowly on. Great grandmother could think of no more questions to ask Mr. Cone. She stared severely in front of her. Mr. Cone timidly contemplated space. Mrs. Cone remained expressionless.

When twelve o'clock struck it seemed to me I had never led any other existence than this tense one of waiting for a crazy man's irruption into our quiet house.

"I want out," Mrs. Cone said, unexpectedly breaking the silence.

"Fred's still shoutin'," her husband remonstrated.

"I want out," Mrs. Cone repeated.

"Don't let her go," grandmother said.

But Mrs. Cone had risen. She walked doggedly across the room onto the sun porch, and so to the side-door by which she had entered. As we watched her with fascinated horror, she opened the door. Feeling that it would be inhuman to let her face alone the hidden dangers of the night, I followed her, only to turn quickly back again. Like a house-broken

dog, Mrs. Cone had merely gone behind a tree.

At the same moment I heard an automobile stop on the road, and three policemen came hurrying down our path.

"Keep in while we get him!" they called to me.

As I opened the door, Mrs. Cone slid in beside me.

We resumed our anxious waiting. Would some nervous finger pull a gun? Would the axe get in its work? We were relieved when half an hour later steps were heard, and peering through the darkness we saw Fred walking away between the officers of the law.

Mr. Cone rose from his chair. "Well, guess we can go home now," he said, with attempted cheerfulness.

Mrs. Cone also rose. Her face, no longer expressionless, but full of contempt, turned toward me.

"Fine thing," she said, "talkin' about Fred bein' crazy. I guess those men down to the police station are sayin' you're crazier than him. Fred's a clean liver. He's never smoked in his life."

Mrs. Cone stared in contempt at the ash trays filled with the cigarette butts accumulated in our long vigil, and followed her husband out of our house.

—ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A TOUR OF HOLLYWOOD

Drawings by Thomas Benton

SOME while back, Thomas Benton, the highly rated American artist, was despatched to the West Coast to paint a composite picture of life in Hollywood. Eventually he filled up a large piece of canvas with a montage effect and some of the more intelligent spectators who saw the opus on public exhibition wondered, Was it art? The half-dozen drawings reproduced in this portfolio are among the by-products of that mission to Hollywood. They range from sketches on the spot to labored elaborations of sketches made on the spot. The artist's base of operations was the couch in the luxuriously appointed office of Raymond Griffith, one of the producers for 20th Century-Fox. When the pre-conference buzzing started, Benton awoke and listened in, taking notes all the while. From this couch he made forays into the vast departmentalized domain that is a major moving picture studio, and also a little beyond. Although the drawings are interesting notations, they were primarily intended, and should primarily be regarded, as the notations of a tourist who could draw.—HARRY SALPETER



DIRECTORS' CONFERENCE



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

CASTING OFFICE

FEBRUARY, 1940



PROP DEPARTMENT

CORONET



CARTHAY CIRCLE

FEBRUARY, 1940



DUBBING IN MUSIC



ASPIRANTS' PARTY: COCKTAILS AND ASTROLOGY

GOOD EYES FOR LIFE

*IF YOUR EYES COULD PICKET YOU, THE SIGN
MIGHT READ: "POOR WORKING CONDITIONS"*



THE eye-doctor's old wheeze is still the best slogan for the lay public: "Wait and see and you'll wait and not see." Still, wanting to do right by your seeing-machinery and knowing how to go about it are two different things. People used to tell you you'd go blind if you kept on reading in a dark corner. But you can no longer pass that dubious chestnut along to Junior and let it go at that. People also once believed that growing a mustache cured weak eyes, that gymnastics made children cross-eyed, that the eye-tooth is especially responsible for eye-disease. If it were that simple it would be easier to be a good oculist.

Junior's eye-troubles may have begun before he was born. "Some day soon we'll be able to tell parents what eye defects—if any—their future children will have," says one expert, meditating on the fact that more and more of the things that can go wrong with the eye are now suspected of being

hereditary. Meanwhile danger signals can be spotted in a fairly tender infant and appropriate measures taken. New babies never focus their eyes properly but, if they haven't begun to in about six months, they should be bundled off to the oculist.

Even the child whose eyes team up normally should see the oculist good and early. Man is the only animal with eyes tuned for close scrutiny. He has been using them that way for a mere few thousand years. So the great majority of human eyes are as yet better fitted to spot a deer on the distant horizon than to peer at columns of figures and fine type or into delicate instruments — more likely means for eating regularly nowadays. That is why all babies are born farsighted, arriving only gradually at the perversion of modern "normal vision." And why the child needs a doctor's check-up on how this adjustment is working before he is asked to

do much with his eyes. Remediable defects can be worked with while still malleable and progressive tendencies slowed down, so that the child stands an excellent chance of entering school unhandicapped or with any handicaps known and allowed for.

Whatever pretty girls with headaches may suspect, the modern doctor is not eager to put everyone into glasses. He is often as lenient as the prevalence of abnormal eyes allows. For the milder cases of farsightedness and astigmatism he may prescribe glasses for only close work and movies. Nearsightedness (myopia) is far trickier. Even if the victim does not mind mistaking the postman for her boy-friend at ten feet, she may be taking other serious chances. There are two kinds of myopia. In the simple kind — translated into camera talk—the lens is too far from the film. The sinister progressive kind involves gradual weakening of the wall of the eyeball and can result in detachment of the retina—the “film” that passes light and shade, color and movement on to the trunk of the optic nerve—which often means total blindness. Too much close work and such strenuous activities as diving and lifting heavy objects are dangerous for

sufferers. But patient clinging to the routine the oculist prescribes, especially in adolescence, usually arrests the disease.

The stepchild of the whole amazing operation of seeing is the ciliary muscle which controls the curvature of the lens and thus the concentration of the rays of light that pass through it. Uncorrected abnormal eyes shamefully overburden it. In nearsightedness it vainly struggles to focus on distant things. In farsightedness, where the eyeball is too short and rays focus behind the retina, it works like a horse to get you a clear image of near-by objects. In astigmatism, which means a distorting flaw in the curvature of lens or cornea—the transparent window over the pupil—it gets weary and discouraged squintingly trying to compensate for the flaw. The condition unscientifically called “eyestrain” — which may mean red, puffy eyelids or sick headaches—is the result of these contortions. It isn’t likely to blind you but it will make you pretty ineffective.

Some time in the forties practically everybody starts pushing his newspaper farther and farther from his eyes and must finally acknowledge the arrival of middle-aged farsightedness (presbyopia).

From then on reading glasses are necessary and anyone already wearing corrective lenses should be thankful Benjamin Franklin took time off kite-flying to invent bifocals, those half-and-half affairs. They take getting used to—you have to learn to look through the upper section for a view of life in general and through the lower for close work only or you get queer blurring effects as the pavement rises to meet you. But they're well worth the effort, eliminating that sleight-of-hand switch every time you interrupt your reading to look up at your wife.

There are innumerable other tricks up the spectacle-maker's sleeve: shatterproof glasses, made like auto-glass; piano- or bridge-glasses, focusing a little beyond reading range; telescopic spectacles, like little opera-glasses in frames, to try to step up dim vision for job or theatre; "spinal spectacles" with an ingenious arrangement of double mirrors for reading without eyestrain flat on your back; crutch spectacles, invisibly propping up drooping eyelids; contact lenses, little glass cups fitting snugly over the eyeball—hard to fit and expensive but worth it, if their eyes can stand them, to actresses, athletes and sea-captains. And the glasses of

tomorrow which will be made of a new plastic stuff, already on exhibition, with a much higher degree of resistance to scratching or breakage than anything now on the market, yet capable of being ground with great precision.

But even the cleverest optician can't do all the work. Once you get your glasses you have to give them the tireless care they need. Keep them scrupulously clean—grease, dust and soot are very distorting. Polish them lovingly with a soft cloth each time you put them on. When you set them down, be sure they are resting on the frames, not on the lenses which get scratched or worn down. Change their case often to avoid the effects of scratchy, accumulated grime. Be sure the frames are properly tight and straight, especially if you're a part-time glasses-wearer who's forever folding and unfolding them. Good sturdy frames with non-circular lenses are best for astigmatism. Circular frames in which the glass can slip around or rimless glasses, which may droop if the screws loosen slightly, are apt to throw off the prescription a serious number of degrees.

Fashion and the doctor are at odds again on the subject of sunglasses. The smart white-framed

pair your wife picked up at Blumph & Blumph's are likely to be full of flaws that play billy with her eyes. If she wears—or owns—corrective glasses, the safest thing is to have her prescription made up in tinted glass recommended by a good optician. Or buy plain lenses of the same glass to clip onto her own specs if she doesn't mind the slight extra weight. Those same plain lenses can be fitted into frames for people with normal vision. But even the soundest sunglasses are not intended for the day-long wear now the fad. They make sense only when glare is really strong—at the beach, on a boat, for skiing or driving. Constant use of them weakens the eye's power to adjust to light and damages color perception. And it's better to shade both book and eyes than rely on them for outdoor reading.

The frontiers of knowledge about the eye are extending daily. Sulfanilamide is reported to be working more wonders in the remaining cases where gonorrhea threatens newborn babies with blindness. It looks as if it is going to cure dread trachoma before the organism causing it has been isolated. Most promising of all are records of experiments piling up to indicate that eye-disease can be fought on the dietary front. One

more reason for eating your spinach is that it—among many other foods—contains vitamin A, now known as the eye-vitamin. Blind and partially blind children in India and Denmark and soldiers in China were found to have one significant thing in common—deficiency of the milk, butter, eggs and vegetables necessary for normal intake of this vitamin. Researchers in Texas removed vitamin A from the diet of breeding sows and whole litters of pigs were born stone-blind. This doesn't mean that the medical profession is yet ready to promise perfect eyes to every child whose mother has eaten the right food. But it looks like a good horse to have your money on until a hotter tip comes along.

About the only other major thing you can do to fend off eye-disease is let the doctor see your eyes not only early but often. Up to forty you can usually get away with one visit every two years. But after presbyopia sets in, the eyes change more rapidly and once a year is safer. And may safeguard you from the gradual loss of vision—never to be regained—which people experience without even knowing it in the early stages of glaucoma. In most serious eye-troubles—cataract, for instance,—

the victim is well aware something is wrong. But glaucoma, which usually strikes after forty and is the cause of 10 to 15 per cent of all blindness, is in many cases treacherously symptomless. When the oculist presses lightly on your closed eyelids, he is using his skilled fingers to detect the first suspicious hardening of the eyeball which means mounting pressure inside from glaucoma. If he finds it before it has taken too much of your eyesight, he can keep it from destroying any more. So it is certainly wise to give him the chance.

For the rest, architects and decorators are doing their frantic best these days to surround people with such quantities of clear soft light that they can park practically anywhere with their favorite fine-type India paper editions. But most of us have to live in houses designed in un-eye-conscious days and even the most streamlined house gets too much direct sunlight somewhere and an hour when dusk creeps up on us unaware. The best plan for reading or close work is to pick a spot where the daylight is diffused—no direct sun-rays—and the moment it begins to slack off, switch on a good indirect or semi-indirect lamp. Meaning merely one which

reflects all or a large part of its light from the ceiling. Lamps approved by the Illuminating Engineering Society bear a special label and are sold in large stores everywhere. Keep the light coming over the shoulder for reading purposes. You were told the left shoulder in school but, unless you're performing some operation with your right hand—such as writing—where the hand might cast a shadow on the work, this distinction is mere hocus-pocus.

The reader-in-bed should prop himself up so that the line of his straight-ahead vision is square on the page. An indirect floor-lamp is better than the cute little lamp on the night-table. Invalids or convalescents are often tempted to read too much when they should read least. When the rest of you is weak, so are your eyes. People often complain at such times of headache or eye-fatigue from defects so slight they had never noticed them before.

Straight prohibition of reading would be heartless. But don't read by the hour without stopping. Close your eyes for a few minutes' rest at regular fifteen-minute intervals and take special pains with position and lighting. Children returning to school after scarlet fever or measles often find teacher

expects them to make up lost work at top speed—at a time when overworking the eye is especially dangerous.

What with modern photography and projection, movies are not the arch eye-enemies they once were. If you wear prescribed glasses and sit neither too near the screen nor too far to the side, your eyes can take it in their stride. But eye-doctors are unanimous in opposition to the double-feature — not through distaste for B-pictures, but because any such prolonged, unbroken concentration is, for almost anyone, a bad idea.

Giving your eyes enough rest is the only form of self-treatment that doctors approve. Eye-washes are largely—eyewash. Tears produced on the premises by your own lachrymal glands are constantly giving your eyes the only daily bath they need. Little pads of this or that commercial preparation placed on the eyelids to

“refresh the eyes” are valuable only because they make you close your eyes for a while. Eyedrops prescribed by your doctor should be firmly thrown out when he calls a halt on them. Even inert drugs are often harmful and the continued use of certain forms of silver nitrate which might be temporarily prescribed may permanently discolor the eyeball. A cinder in your eye deserves something better than homework or the corner drugstore. You need a bona fide M. D. just as urgently as if you’d broken your leg, for poking at the delicate structure of the eye with an unsuitable and dubiously clean object may be just as efficient a way as any to start a blinding infection.

It all seems like a lot of trouble. In the long run it’s undoubtedly a lot of expense. But between grumbles some time, ask yourself which of your five senses you’d least like to part with. —J. C. FURNAS

BIRDS DON'T SING

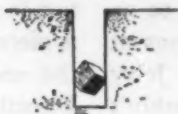
BIRDS sing we say, but this is a mistake. Birds do not sing, they speak; and what we take for their singing is nothing more than their own natural language. What makes us say that birds sing is the music of their voices. Such singing, however, is always an intended speech, which be-

longs to the arcana of nature. And it seems comical enough that there should be in this clangent world, never so raucous and unmelodious as at present, so numerous a body of creatures which cannot speak in any way except tunably and musically.

—T. F. HEALY

BLOCKOUT

HE CLAIMED HE WAS AN OLD STEELWORKER, AND
HE SEEMED TO KNOW THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE



WE WAS gettin' ready to swing the big turbine onto its base, see? There it was, outside; about thirty ton of it, all in its big round green-painted bulgin' housing; and here we was, inside, standin' around the eight-by-fourteen-foot concrete base we'd poured so careful, with the big five-inch holes around the edges where the holdin' down bolts would go.

Bolts in the concrete, stickin' up? No sir. I know that's done lots of times, but this time they'd set the nuts in the concrete, with a five-inch dowel on top o' each one. An' when the concrete set we yanked out them dowels, an' there was mister nut, safe an' solid at the bottom of a five-foot-deep hole. All we have to do is set the turbine down true on them holes, push the holdin'-down bolts in till they engages the nuts, an' screw 'em home. Get the layout?

Jerry Clough is our chief engineer, an' as nice a lad as ever squinted at a blueprint. Up in the

big money at twenty-six, an' head-in' higher. Looks somethin' like Dick Powell, an' engaged to get married to — but that ain't the story. He's got two or three other high-priced babies under him. An' then comes us—the crew. An' lemme tell you, brother, we wasn't in what they call the lower brackets when payday come along, neither.

Why'm I leanin' so hard on price? You'll see in a minnit.

They was one guy around the construction that wasn't in no bracket a-tall. This was a old feller with a tubby stomach, a mop o' white hair, an' features that was pretty well scrambled up. He claimed he was a oldtime steelworker. Anyway, the boys let him hang around, an' kept him in chewin', an' onct in awhile slip him a dime or two bits. He never got in the way—just hung around. Incident'ly the way he never got in the way was one reason we had for thinkin' he'd reely been on construction-work some time or

other. We called him Pop, which is what all gangs call all old bums.

Well, to get back to settin' the turbine: they'd left a hole in the side-wall big enough for it to go through. It had hoistin' rings at each end, o' course, but Jerry Clough figgered those wouldn't work so well on a lateral hoist, so they'd slipped slings under the job. The idee was to put a lotta blocks on the base, set the turbine down on those blocks with the slings, snake out the slings, use the hoistin' rings to lift her a little till we could get out the blocks, an' then set her down for good.

Well, we got a lot of scrap 2 x 4 an' made a nice layout on the base, plenty blocks to distribute the weight, an' Jerry Clough—he's come down to oversee this job personal—is just about ready to give the okay to hoist, when whad-da you think happens?

Some dumb son-of-a-gun has stood a little piece o' 2 x 4—'twasn't more'n six inches long—on edge near one o' the big bolt-holes. An' somebody else goes runnin' by, an' I'm a green alligator with pale blue eyes if the corner of his jacket don't just touch that little hunk o' wood, an' she tips over right above the bolt-hole, an' zing! down she goes. O' course that meant no holdin'-down bolt in

there till we get the block out.

Well, that don't sound like nothin'. A six-inch piece o' 2 x 4 at the bottom of a five-foot-by-five-inch hole. Somebody hunts up a piece o' wire, bends a hook in the end of it, an' starts fishin'. Directly he gets the hook under the end o' the wood she moves a little an' jams diag'nally acrost the hole. The guy works with the wire awhile, but the more he yanks the tighter that chunk o' wood sticks.

I noticed Jerry Clough beginnin' to look at his wrist-watch kinda nervous. An' no wonder. Here was a gang o' men whose time was worth around a hundred dollars a minnit bein' held up by a measly chunk o' 2 x 4. That's why I talked about price a while ago, see?

Jerry Clough turns around an' yells.

"Take that wire outta there!" he says. "You're only makin' things worse! Somebody go get a brace an' a extension bit!"

Well, they brung the brace an' bit an' went to work. But the wood was on a slant an' they couldn't get the bit into it. An' the only time they did get a kinda holt, when they tried to lift the block it just jammed some more, an' then—the bit pulled loose.

Over half of a hour's gone, an' Jerry Clough is pretty near crazy. Then he busts out, "I'd give a hundred dollars to get that blankety-blank block outta there!"

It was just then I noticed old Pop. He'd been standin' around, keepin' outta the way like always, till Jerry mentioned that hundred. Then his eyes got interested, an' he lopes over. Personally, I'd as soon caught hot rivets without the bucket as tackle Jerry Clough the way he was then, but you never can tell about bums like Pop.

"'Scuse me, mister," says Pop in his old whiny voice, "did you say a hunderd dollars?"

Jerry spins around.

"Yes, I said a hundred dollars!" he snaps. Then he gets a good look at Pop.

"Who're you?" says Jerry. "What're you doin' on this construction? Get outta here before I have you throwed out!" he says, which shows how mad he was, for Jerry Clough wouldn't be unkind to no one when he is in his right senses. But old Pop stands where he is.

"Did you say—a hunderd dollars?" he says again.

Jerry Clough gets a grip on himself.

"I said one — hundred — dollars," he says. "A century note."

Old Pop grins at him, happy-like.

"I'll get it out fer you," he says, "in less'n one minnit, I will. Ye couldn't—ye couldn't gimme a little somethin' on account, could ye?"

We're all standin' around, quiet as owls. We expect Jerry Clough to blast this old goat clear over the tool-shed. But Jerry draws a long breath an' holds it for maybe two seconds, an' then he goes down in his pants pocket.

"Blame if I don't call your bluff," says Jerry Clough. "I ain't got but twenty bucks on me," he says, "but here it is, on account. Get that block out in one minnit an' the twenty's yours an' I'll see that you get the balance this evenin'. Fail to get it out, and—" he looks at his wrist-watch again. "Get goin'!" he yells. "Time's made outta platinum around here!"

They's about one second o' dead quiet, an' then old Pop moves. He looks around, sees a bucket, an' ambles over an' picks it up.

He picks up a crowbar that's lyin' near, pokes it down the hole an' jiggles it a few seconds.

"There," he says, still grinnin', "she's loose in the hole. Now if somebody'll gimme a bucket o' water . . ."—F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

Again, as in the last issue, we select a few stories from the vast, dark file of the world's Forgotten Mysteries. All ages have known such stories, but because they fit into no orderly system of thought, because they rebel against all known "laws" of the universe, they easily find their way into the limbo of the forgotten.

WHY the story of the *Gloriana* should have been overshadowed by that of the *Mary Celeste* is in itself a minor mystery. For the tale of the *Gloriana* remains one of the eeriest mysteries of the sea.

In 1775 the *Gloriana*, a British brig, was overhauled by a Greenland whaler. The brig was sailing aimlessly through an ice field. Her decks were piled with snow, her sides gleamed with ice, her rigging was frozen.

The *Gloriana's* captain was found sitting at his desk, about the very normal business of making an entry in the log. The entry was only half

done — but the captain was dead, frozen hard.

About the ship were found the bodies of the crew, all in normal positions — also the body of a woman. All were frozen. There was plenty of food, the water was ample. There seemed no reason why everyone on the *Gloriana* should have died, died so suddenly they could not finish what they were doing—so suddenly even that the captain could not finish the log entry.

That entry was dated November 11, 1762—thirteen years before the ship of the dead was discovered by the whaler.

★ ★ ★

AT 9 A.M. of a January day the two young sons of Mauro Pansini, architect of Bari, Italy, were seen at Ruvo. At 9:30 they were found in the Capuchin Convent at Malfatti. The distance between the two towns was thirty miles. This case of seemingly supernormal transportation occurred in 1901, when there was no way for the boys to have covered the distance between the towns in so short a time.

There was a local tempest, and peasants said that the Italian equiva-

lent of Banshees were about. The boys could give no explanation. They had no memory of the missing half hour.

While the excitement was still high, the boys disappeared from their home at Ruvo, almost instantly reappeared miles away at a relative's home. They were in a state of profound hypnosis.

Again there was a tumult, and this time there was some scientific investigation. The seeming miracle was never explained. Only time has softened the outlines of its incredibility.

IF you are good at explaining things, you might try your wits on the *Devil's Footprints*.

On a February morning in 1855 stolid Englishmen of half a dozen towns in South Devon awoke to find the fresh snow covered with strange tracks that resembled hoof marks. For over a hundred miles the tracks extended. They were found on roof tops, on fourteen foot walls, inside gardens whose gates were locked.

Nowhere was the regularity of the tracks altered; whatever made them could jump to roof tops, walk along walls, and enter fenced-in gardens without displacing the snow on the

sides of the tracks or changing its stride. The tracks were always eight and one-half inches apart.

There was one fact, however, which pushed all the other problems into the background. The tracks were in a single line. *No known creature makes tracks in a single line.*

The tracks have been claimed as those of a supposedly extinct sea animal, they have been blamed on a poltergeist or "playful spirit," they have been explained as a message in code shot to the earth from another planet, or simply as tracks of the Devil.

In the end, however, it has been easier to forget them.

★ ★ ★

PSYCHOLOGISTS are usually good at explaining things, but they had a tough time with the case of "Sally" Beauchamp. Originally she was considered a simple case of multiple personality. A frightful emotional shock had caused her personality to divide into several parts, each of which was ignorant of the memories of the others.

But while psychologists were trying to put the Humpty-Dumpty personality together again, a completely new personality took possession of Miss Beauchamp. This personality called herself "Sally," claimed to be distinct from the original shattered ego.

In fact, "Sally" claimed to have always existed within Miss Beauchamp's body, but to have been kept from gaining control by the strength of Miss Beauchamp's own personality.

After the normal personality was shattered by the emotional shock, Sally had a chance to take control and make herself known through the use of the girl's body.

Sally had access to the memories, even the dreams, of all the parts of the broken personality, but to the end she maintained that she was a distinct and complete ego. Eventually the unity of the original personality was restored, and Sally was again forced into oblivion.

The case was fully investigated, but none of the bigwigs found any fraud or duplicity. Psychologist William McDougall, then of Harvard, wrote extensively about it. But around 1910 scientific interest died, principally because the scientists had run out of explanations.—R. DEWITT MILLER

HALF-PINT LOTHARIO

NO MERE SIX-FOOTER STOOD A CHANCE WHEN
THE INCREDIBLE SIR JEFFERY WAS AROUND



THERE is a common notion that the six-footer has the edge on his shorter brother where success with women is concerned.

History offers plenty of proof to the contrary. Most convincing of all is the evidence that comes from the court of Charles I, England's Cavalier king, in the form of Sir Jeffery Hudson, Knight. Sir Jeffery spent a good part of his life assiduously demonstrating that shortness of stature is no bar to amorous success — or anything else, for that matter.

Sir Jeffery may be regarded as an authority on the subject. As a young adult he stood exactly 18 inches high in his silk stockings, which makes him the smallest of all English aristocrats, as well as one of the most diminutive mid-gets on record. His height—two inches less than that of an average new-born babe — is well established by contemporary seventeenth-century records.

Of such material there is no

dearth. For so completely did he prove himself every inch a man that his exploits became a light and an inspiration to awe-struck poets and painters of his time. He carried out missions of trust for his Queen, terrorized husbands, fought pirates and Puritans, and killed his adversary in the duel. As courtier, diplomat, soldier and general hell-rake, he swaggered with equal assurance through battlefield and boudoir. Such personages as George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, and Cardinal Mazarin of France, with whom the Three Musketeers of Dumas consorted in the realm of fiction, were his associates in point of strict historical fact. The story of his life is a revelation regarding the physically handicapped forms in which human vitality can manifest itself.

He first astonished his parents on the day of his birth in 1619, at Oakham, Rutlandshire, England. "For truly," says one of the

old biographies, "my little Gentleman was beforehand with them, and flew into the World like a Cork out of a Bottle." His father was a husky official bull-baiter to the Duke of Buckingham, "of a stout and corpulent Frame; and his Mother of no mean Size, but a very little Mouth"—whatever that had to do with it. At the age of 7, when he had reached the height of 18 inches, he stopped growing; and 18 inches tall he remained until his middle thirties.

When 9 years old, he caught the eye of the Duchess. His figure, we are assured, was "perfectly proportionable," without any deformity. The Duchess dressed him in satin, gave him two tall men to wait on him, and took him into her service. Then Their Majesties Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria came along to Buckingham on a royal visit. Exerting herself to provide a toothsome delicacy, the Duchess made the tactical error of setting Jeffery before the Queen in a cold-baked pie. The crust was cut and little Jeffery, with a sweeping bow, stepped out.

One look for the Queen was enough. Delighted, she whisked him off with her to the royal seat at Hampton Court, on the Thames near London, and Jeffery was installed there as a royal favorite.

No time was lost in showing that he was thoroughly fitted by temperament and inclination for the life at court. With some of his playmates, he stole and skinned a cat belonging to an old lady of the town. The skin wrapped around him, Jeffery was deposited in a corner of the room where the cat's owner was having tea with her sister gossips. One of them offered him a snack. "I can feed myself when I'm hungry!" snarled the cat ill-temperedly, and sauntered off.

After the fainting gossips had been revived, their hostess was dragged off to the nearest lockup, because in those days the possession of a talking cat was dangerous business. She was sentenced to be burned at the stake as a witch—a fate from which she escaped only when Jeffery owned up in the nick of time to save her. Practical jokes have their limit. By the King's command, the seat of Jeffery's pants received what was then known as "a sound Correccion." But he bounced back into royal favor soon enough.

At the incredibly tender age of 11, he was pressed into the British diplomatic service. The Queen was expecting an heir, and her mother, the French Regent Marie de' Medici, had promised a mid-wife for the occasion. Jeffery went

off to France to get her. On his way back, loaded down with rich gifts from Marie de' Medici and the other ladies of the French court, whom he had instantly captivated by his gallantry and charm of manner, he ran into bad luck. His ship was boarded by Flemish pirates off Dunkirk on the French coast.

He was freed on payment of ransom through intervention of the Governor of Calais, but by the time he got back to England, he was too late with his midwife to do any good. The Queen's accouchement had already taken place.

He now went off to volunteer with the Dutch in their war for independence against the Spaniards. The Earls of Warwick and Northampton went along with him as fighting companions. When the Prince of Orange besieged Breda in 1637, glowing reports came from the Dutch camp of the deeds of "Strenuous Jeffery." He returned from the wars a year later, covered with glory at the age of 19, the sap of young manhood astir in his body.

He was greeted as a hero. The King knighted him Sir Jeffery; a book called *The Newe Year's Gift* was especially printed in his honor, and women fought for his at-

tention. His spurs won, Sir Jeffery went into action. His deprecations among the female ranks of the British aristocracy could well justify his claim to stand unashamed side by side with Casanova and Don Juan in the gallery of immortals.

"The Ladies were very fond of him," said the *London Gentleman's Magazine* in 1732. "He could make married men *Cuckolds* without making them *jealous*; and *Mothers* of the *Maids*, without letting the World know they had any *Gal-lants*."

His success was always attributed by the envious to the ease with which he could be concealed should an unexpected husband or rival suddenly show up. On one such occasion he was allegedly thrust beneath the voluminous skirts of his lady friend, and kept there until the unsuspecting spouse again departed. Such tales as these are probably slanderous.

In any event, it was just goings-on of this kind at the court of Charles I that kept getting Cromwell's Puritans madder and madder. They got mad enough eventually to start the Civil War that ended abruptly for His Majesty with a farewell bow under the axe of Cromwell's executioner.

Sir Jeffery was appointed a Cap-

tain of Horse in the King's army. He threw himself whole-heartedly into battle, but even he could not stem the rising Puritan tide. The Cavaliers were defeated. Queen Henrietta Maria hurriedly departed for France and the protection of her royal cousin, Louis XIV. Sir Jeffery, of course, went with her.

He reacted to the French atmosphere in a way that landed him in real trouble. Near Paris he got into a quarrel with a younger brother of Lord Crofts, commander of the Queen's lifeguard—over a soft-eyed mademoiselle by whom his heart had been ensnared.

A duel was arranged—one of those polite French affairs where both parties shoot holes into the air, then kiss and make up. Young Crofts, a waggish fellow, showed up the next morning armed with a squirt-gun. Nobody could do that to Sir Jeffery. White-faced with rage, he challenged Crofts to a duel fought to the finish, and Crofts accepted. Sir Jeffery shot him dead on the spot. That taught Crofts not to play with water pistols.

It also taught Sir Jeffery that duels to the death were not according to the rules of French etiquette. He was promptly thrown into prison, and Queen

Henrietta Maria had to use all her influence to get him out again. She sent a tearful letter to Cardinal Mazarin, French Prime Minister, in October, 1644, speaking of the misfortune "to my House, of Geoffry, who has kill'd Croft's Brother." Mazarin did the necessary fixing, and Jeffery was released. He left France in disgrace, an outcast and wanderer on the face of the earth at the age of 25.

After that, he ran into pirates on the high seas twice again—Turkish pirates now. Taken prisoner the first time, he managed to hide in a drum until the ship touched port, whence he escaped soon enough to be with the Cavaliers in their unsuccessful return engagement with the Puritans in 1650. The second time, he was taken by the Turks to the Barbary States, and sold in slavery to the Moors. This time he stayed put. He cooled his heels on the Barbary coast for eight long years, forgotten by his royal friends. Then, when Cromwell died in 1658, they emerged into the sunshine of power and glory again. The cash for ransom was forthcoming, and Sir Jeffery set out for Britain's shores.

He returned to England at 39, in one respect at least a remarkably changed man. During his stay with the Moors, he had more

than doubled his height, and now stood 3 feet, 6 inches in his boots and spurs.

The coronation of Charles II put an end once and for all to Puritan snoopings. The English upper classes went on a colossal binge, the King himself leading the way. Philandering and the coveting of other men's wives became the most popular indoor sports. Anything went, as long as it was done with a certain aristocratic grace. Historians call it the moral laxity of the Restoration.

This was right up Sir Jeffery's alley. He plunged into the thick of it, and proceeded industriously for the next seven years to put a brilliant new polish on his reputation. By the time he was 46, he'd had enough. Weighed down by his laurels and honorable fatigue, he retired to the country. A pension was granted him by the Duke of Buckingham and other noble admirers.

He lived the quiet life of a country squire until he was 60. Then, in 1679, old memories prodded him to seek adventure at the court again. He found what he was looking for.

London greeted him by slapping him into the Gatehouse Prison at Westminster. He was charged with sedition, subversion,

subornation and conspiracy against the Crown, all in connection with the so-called Popish Plot. In jail he mingled sociably with his fellow-prisoners, and spoke to them freely. One such talk of his there, with Julian Peveril, is described by Sir Walter Scott in *Peveril of the Peak*. When Sir Jeffery was finally released in 1682, it was presumably for lack of evidence.

But apparently he had been doing undercover work all along. Recently unearthed court records show that G-Man Jeffery was receiving payments from the King's secret service funds all the while he was in jail.

He did not have much time left to spend it after coming out. He was stricken ill in the same year, and died at the age of 63 of "a Gripping of the Guts."

During his lifetime, he sat for his portrait repeatedly — twice, with the Queen, for portraits painted by the great Flemish master, Van Dyck.

Sir Jeffery's waistcoat and satin pants are now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, England.

The Van Dyck portraits hang in Hampton Court—living memorials to the tiniest tough guy who ever strode across history's pages.

—IRVING FISKE



HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

COVERED WAGON

FEBRUARY, 1940



WOOD

PHILADELPHIA

EMPTYES

CORONET



HIA
MARCEL GAUTHEROT

PARIS

STORIED STONES

FEBRUARY, 1940



LYLE MAYER

CHICAGO

WATER WINDOWS

CORONET



GO ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

PANOPLY

FEBRUARY, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK FR

RIDDLE ME THIS

CORONET

60



ORK FRANK C. ZAK

CHICAGO

DAY IN

FEBRUARY, 1940

61



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

PING

CORONET

62



BALOGH

FROM EUROPEAN

SOME IN RAGS, SOME IN TAGS

FEBRUARY, 1940



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SNOW TREAD

CORONET



MAX WETTE

AMSTERDAM

WINTER'S HUSH

FEBRUARY, 1940



GY LA TOUR

ALTADENA, CALIF.

"BAMBI"

CORONET



F. EMERY REVES-BIRO

NEW YORK

EVIL EYE

FEBRUARY, 1940



FROM DORIEN LEIGH

LONDON

UGLY DUCKLINGS

CORONET

68



ON
DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

CHAIN GANG

FEBRUARY, 1940



K. MEUSER

ENGELBERG, SWITZERLAND

ENGELBERG RUN

CORONET

70



ND HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

AIR BRAKES

FEBRUARY, 1940

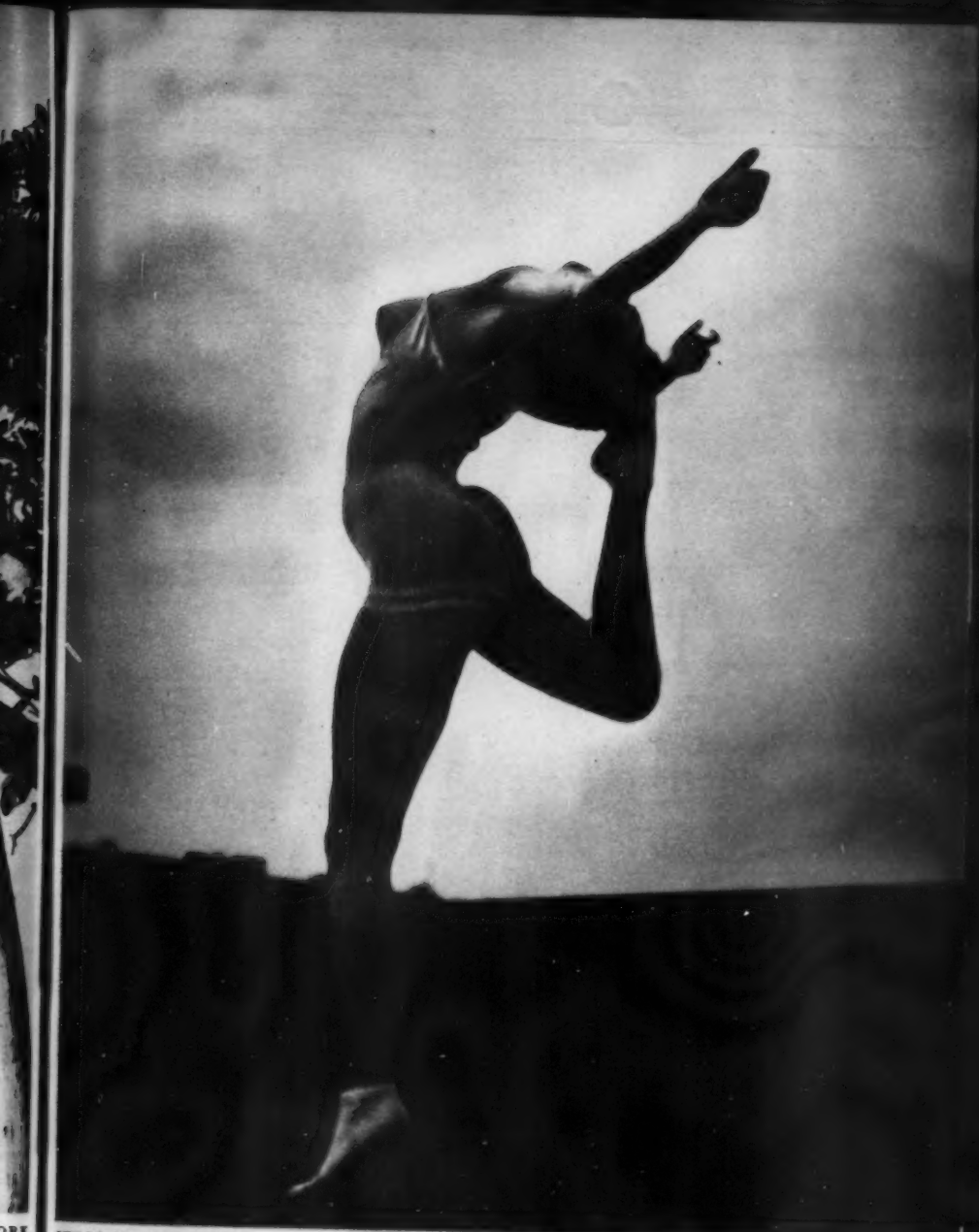


NELL DORR

NEW YORK

CLINGING VINE

CORONET



ORR
STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

ARABESQUE

FEBRUARY, 1940



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

BAS RELIEF

CORONET

74



MAX JONES

FROM KINNAIRD

ILONA MASSEY

FEBRUARY, 1940

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

JUNOESQUE

CORONET

76



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SKETCH CLASS

FEBRUARY, 1940



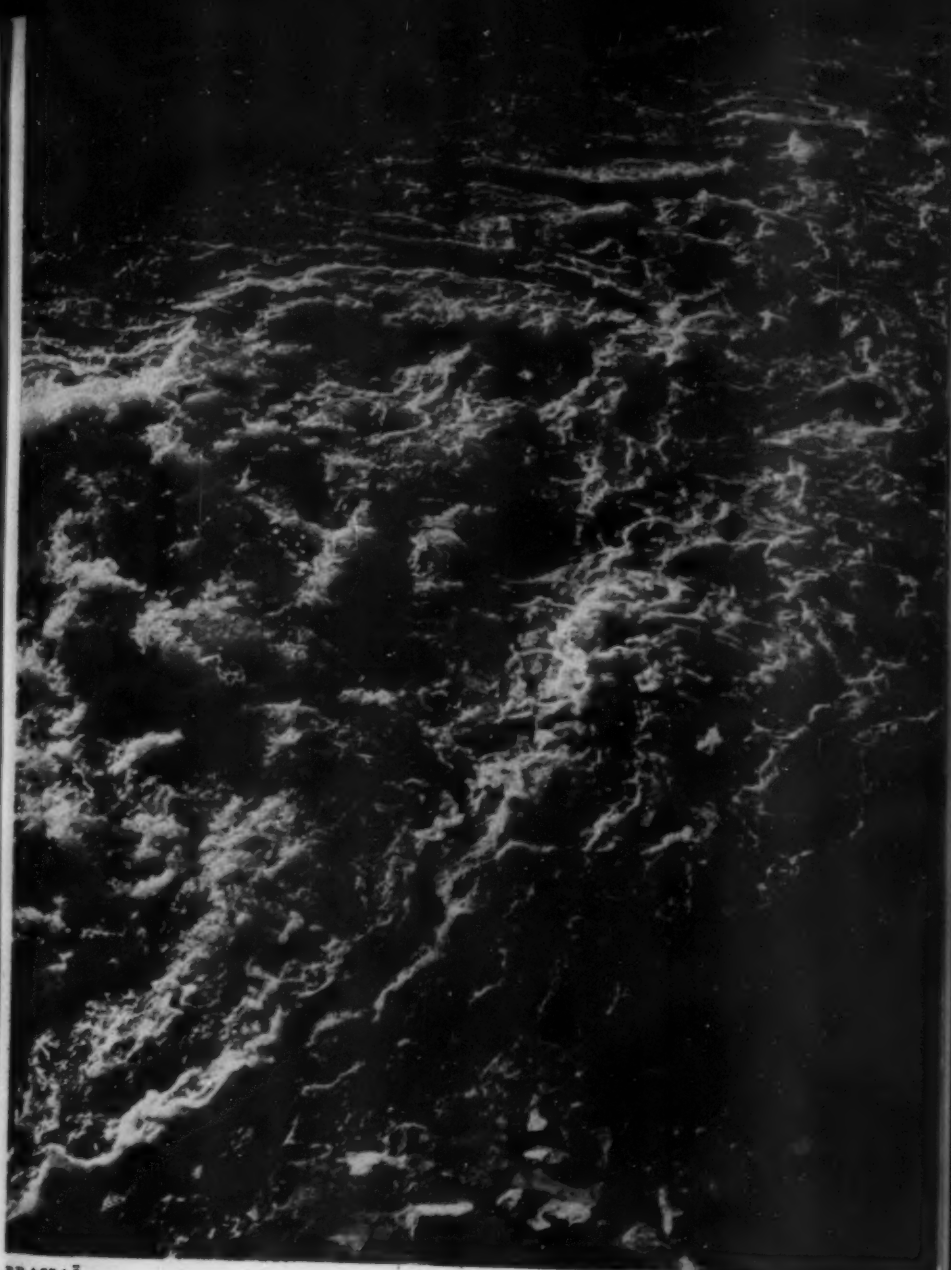
JOHN A. HACKETT

CHICAGO

HITCHING POST

CORONET

78



BRASSAI

PARIS

SEA CHURN

FEBRUARY, 1940



BRASSAI

PARIS DR.

IN EVERY PORT

CORONET

80



DR. N. OGDAL

LONDON

LADY IN WAITING

FEBRUARY, 1940



BRASSAI

PARIS

THE BUILD-UP

CORONET

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PARIS

KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

TRANSFIGURATION

FEBRUARY, 1940



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

MEXICAN GRIND

CORONET



ROLAND FEDERN

FROM MONKEMEYER

DUTCH LOAF

FEBRUARY, 1940



MARCEL BOVIS

PARIS

YOU'RE NEXT

CORONET

86

SKIDPROOF YOUR MEMORY

YOU MAY HAVE NO ADMIRATION FOR ADDISON
SIMS BUT YOU MUST RESPECT HIS METHODS



WHAT you can't remember, like Czecho-Slovakia, is divided into three parts. By the time this goes to press it is probably six parts.

The first is what you never learned. Not much can be done about this. The second is what you don't want to remember, *à la* Freud. The third is what you forget, plain and simple.

In the last analysis, you forget what you want to forget anyway; but for the purposes of this article it is not necessary to go as far as the last analysis.

For day to day living, we can limp along with a workable system of *mnemonics*. Devices of this kind, which sounds like a Long Island suburb, made it possible for the mythical Addison Sims of Seattle to memorize a telephone book. Precisely why is beside the point. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Sims mystified his friends and confounded his relatives, even though they laughed when he

spoke to the waiter in French.

Problem A: *What you never learned:*

Until a set of facts or data has formed a pattern in the mind, it is impossible to hold on to them. You can't put on a hat, unless you have a hat. So much is elementary arithmetic.

It so happens, however, that we often believe we have observed something when actually we haven't—the old problem of the wish jumping ahead of the act. We think, for example, we put sugar in the coffee; find that we didn't. We think that we put the car in the garage; find it in the street the next morning. It is a natural tendency to call these acts of omission “forgetting.”

However, these are not actually cases of forgetting. They are results of confused sense impressions. It is not correct to say that we “forgot” something we never observed.

It is quite probable that these mental blanks have their roots in

subconscious wishes; but that is aside from the point. The concrete problem we face in academic, business, and professional work is to remember what we want to remember.

Problem B: *What we ordinarily forget:*

In the course of routine living, we set ourselves specific things to remember: business telephone numbers, names of people we have recently met, addresses, statements in the morning papers, sales and finance figures, the time of appointments, series and classifications of facts.

We are quite conscious of the importance of remembering these things; but we forget them in spite of ourselves.

Again we have a problem of deep-set causes—causes that hinge around the fact that we forget because we want to forget—Freudian reasons—or because internal conflicts have our mind tied up in knots.

If it were practical to get down to root causes we would have to fall back on psychoanalysis. Here, among other things, we would find a clue to the unpleasant fact that Jones seems to put away details more efficiently than the Times Cumulative Index, while we can't even recall our own phone number.

On the other hand, there are practical devices and systems we can fall back on to extend our memory—as we find it, in its present, shopworn condition — to a point where it can function as an efficient machine.

In other words, we can develop memory-helps, or mnemonics, which give us the same kind of mechanical support that we could expect from pencil, paper and a long-limbed secretary.

How to make each fact its brother's keeper:

For simple data, like names, addresses, dates, a system of compound association usually makes the material indelible. The association should be made on as many fronts, and in as many media as possible.

Suppose, for example, in a crowded meeting, you are introduced to a corporation president named "John Middleton," of Albany, who bought, last year, \$50,000 of your firm's goods. You want to keep all of this on the tip of your tongue.

First, repeat the whole statement aloud; form an auditory impression. Second, write it on a slip of paper; get a visual impression. Now break it down into associative parts. "Middleton" is properly "middle town." Albany is

roughly in the middle of New York State. The number 50 is midway between zero and a hundred. The nickname for John is Jack; and \$50,000 is quite a lot of "jack."

The whole picture has been made to hinge around one key word: "middle." Remember that, and the whole story flashes into consciousness.

With a little ingenuity, this process of association can be applied to almost any setup. Take another example. A series of names. A report states that Hatfield, Brown, Royal, and Lynes have been assigned to cover the Wisconsin territory.

Quickly build up a picture; the more absurd the better. For example: Wisconsin is on a lake—lake, boats, sailing, crew, dress tie in. Try: A Man in a *Brown Hat* (field) sailed the *Royal Lyne(s)r* across Lake Wisconsin.

Repeat this several times and it will become harder to forget than the bad eggs the cafeteria served you for breakfast this morning.

Obviously, the greater the number of associations, the stronger the impression; also, the stronger the impression the more vivid the recollection. It is hard to forget a sock on the nose, or a somersault in an automobile.

While it is basically true that limits exist to our possibilities for remembering, it is also true that we don't think enough about remembering. Which is another way of saying, we don't think enough about thinking.

If we would take the trouble to concentrate on remembering when introductions are made, or when important facts are announced, and make a conscious effort to tie in associations, memory habits would be formed. Facts would always be at our right hand—like friends who need a little money.

But since we don't, each day we become a closer relative of that famous professor who put his cigar to bed—and threw himself out of the window. —MARK ASHLEY

TOUCHÉ

MASSENET, the famous composer of *Manon*, was once asked by his friends why he always said such nice things about the composer Saint-Saëns, who was known to have libeled

Massenet's music and his person. Massenet answered, "Let him say what he wants and I will too. No one ever says what he really thinks."

—ALBERT ABARBANEL

CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST

REMINDER THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON DID NOT
SPRING FULL-ARMORED FROM THE HEAD OF JOVE



TO AMERICANS who have been brought up on the myth of George Washington—cherry tree episode, copy-book maxims, praying in the snow at Valley Forge, gentleman of leisure at Mount Vernon, and all that to the point of sainted priggishness—the characterizing of the first president-to-be as a frontiersman and Indian-fighter may come as a somewhat vulgar surprise. Yet the Virginian, in days when he could not have dreamt of himself, even in his wildest fancies, as the expectant “father of his country,” earned his spurs in the rough Appalachian backwoods, where, too, he absorbed the spirit of western expansion and acquired that knowledge of military tactics that was to prove so important when he joined his fellow colonials in rebellion against King and parliament.

The “What-a-man!” school of biography made a colossus of every cussing, wenching warrior in the

national history. In its turn the “He-couldn’t-be-perfect!” school of biography swung the pendulum the other way and leveled every one of them, the high and the low. The modern school occupies a middle position and as much as says tolerantly, “Now let’s see what made him tick!” What made George Washington tick and click in the later years of his career as Commander-in-Chief and President can only be understood through an examination of his career on the frontier when the royal Georges ruled the colonies as part of their vast empire and, on the surface at least, all seemed well in the colonial world.

★ ★ ★

Genealogists have split many a hair tracing the Washington lineage back through England’s landed, if stuffed, gentry. But the member of the family whose career made it famous worried least about his lineage. The first Washingtons arrived on the Potomac

in 1657. George was the son of Augustine and Mary Washington and was born on February 11, 1732 at Bridges Creek in Westmoreland County, Virginia. The date is technically February 11 and not the 22nd because England had not yet accepted the Gregorian calendar; when it was finally adjusted Washington himself continued for some time to give his birthdate as the 11th of the month.

His education was informal, although his father may have employed a tutor for him. But the father died when George was eleven and his will, strangely enough, left most of his estate to the two sons of his first marriage. To Mary Washington, the second wife, and her five children only a small competence was allowed.

At sixteen George went to live with his half-brother Lawrence, whose favorite he was, at the Mount Vernon estate. Here he became an excellent fox-hunter, a masterly horseman and a companion to the sixty-year-old Lord Fairfax who owned six or seven million acres of land. Lawrence, however, saw to it that his half-brother made new progress in his education and even hired two foreign soldiers to teach him fencing and the military arts. A hand-

some youth, George certainly needed no tutelage in wooing the maidens of the locality.

Lord Fairfax kept a sharp eye to his lands and at the first appearance of squatters sent men out to survey lots and make the newcomers pay up. On March 11, 1748 he sent his son on one of these surveying trips and George, who was young Fairfax's friend, went along as an assistant. This was Washington's first journey into the mountains. Indians he had no doubt known from his earliest youth. Now he was to see for himself the western lands of which Virginians were constantly talking, to exploit which the Ohio Company had been organized.

The following year William and Mary College licensed George as a county surveyor and at seventeen he became the surveyor for Culpeper County with an annual salary of fifty pounds, a much more substantial sum in those days than the bare figures would indicate.

Under her charter Virginia had pretensions to a domain which extended north to the Great Lakes and west to the unknown "South Sea." To exploit the region northwest of Virginia proper the Ohio Company had been formed. A grant of two hundred thousand

acres near the Forks of the Ohio River was secured. However, the stipulation was made that a fort must be built near the Forks and one hundred families be settled there in the next seven years.

Among those financially interested in the Ohio Company were Lawrence and Augustine Washington and also their half-brother George. To assist politically, the Company took in Virginia's Lieutenant-Governor Robert Dinwiddie, an energetic and able executive. Meanwhile, however, the French who had occupied the Great Lakes region for a century and who claimed all the lands west of the mountains, were not idle. In 1749 the Celeron expedition had been sent to the Ohio region to plant lead plates declaring this region French territory. The grounds were rapidly being cleared for a world war between the greatest powers of the day.

It was into this situation that the twenty-one-year-old Washington, commissioned a major now, was plunged when in the autumn of 1753 Dinwiddie sent him to inform the French that in the Ohio country they were treading upon English toes.

On October 31, 1753 Washington left on his mission. At Cumberland, where he arrived in a

blizzard two weeks later, he was joined by the famous guide Christopher Gist and immediately pushed forward in a northwesterly direction. When they reached Turtle Creek on the Monongahela they found the French had withdrawn to winter quarters on the Upper Allegheny. Despite the severe weather they went on. At the Forks, the present location of Pittsburgh, they found an ideal site for the Ohio Company's projected fort. Then they called at Logstown, the important Indian town, and young Washington addressed an assembly of sachems. On November 30, they continued to Venango.

Here as guest of the local commander, Captain Joncaire, Washington learned that the French meant to stay in the Ohio country. So confident were the French of the unprepared condition of the British and of the lack of unity in the colonies that they did not hesitate to talk about their plans. But the mission was not yet completed and Washington and his companions had to travel another four days to Fort LeBoeuf to deliver their message to the French commandant of the region.

The French were courteous but defiant and the crafty Virginian improved the time by making mil-

itary observations. The day after Christmas, Washington and Gist, leaving their companions behind, set out in great haste to deliver the French reply to Virginia. The return journey was replete with adventure: an Indian guide tried to kill the younger man and then, crossing the Allegheny, George was thrown from their raft into water thick with floating ice. Not until January 16th did he return to Williamsburg, his starting-point. Now Virginia and Great Britain both understood that France meant to resist.

Acclaimed a hero because of the success of his mission, Washington was now made a lieutenant-colonel. On April 2, 1754 he was dispatched by Dinwiddie to move toward the Ohio River with a small body of troops to help Captain Trent in the building of several forts. On May 28th the French, who had rapidly advanced eastward since Washington had been to LeBoeuf, were encountered on Laurel Mountain. It was the Virginian's first ordeal by fire. For a quarter of an hour rifle volleys were exchanged. When the "battle" was over the French commander Jumonville and nine others were dead and had been scalped by the Indians assisting Washington.

Somewhat alarmed by reports that a large force of French and Indians were in the vicinity, Washington prudently fell back to Great Meadows and began to build a fort against any surprise attack. That done he marched out to lay a road for military purposes. Reinforcements arrived but soon thereafter his supplies ran low. Then word came that sixteen hundred French and Indians were approaching; Washington commanded about four hundred men in all. He attempted to retreat but could fall back only as far as Fort Necessity.

On July 3rd the battle began. After hours of hard fighting, with ammunition low, food gone and the command having suffered heavy casualties, Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington surrendered Fort Necessity to Coulon de Viliers, brother of that Jumonville who had been killed in the skirmish on Laurel Mountain.

Washington was permitted to march out with the honors of war and to retire toward Virginia. Considering how he had been outnumbered and surrounded, the defeat at Fort Necessity was turned into a minor triumph by the generous terms the wily commander exacted as the price of his retreat.

This engagement, however, did

leave the French in command of the Ohio Valley. The next year the Crown sent General Edward Braddock to dislodge the French. The general's defeat on July 9, 1755 at a ford on the Monongahela on the way to Fort Duquesne was one of the greatest disasters of pre-Revolutionary history. Colonel Washington was present, one of the few Americans to whom Braddock had listened, and acquitted himself ably in the midst of the catastrophe.

After Braddock's defeat and death, the remnant of his army, ridiculously enough, went into "winter quarters" and left the border undefended from the ravages of the French and, infinitely worse, from the merciless attacks of their Indian allies. That dreadful summer Washington was commissioned Commander-in-Chief of all the forces defending His Majesty's colony of Virginia.

For three years he toiled to build a chain of forts to protect the Virginia backwoods. The odds against him were not only the craft and strength of the enemy but lack of arms and trained men, as well as drunkenness and vice in the ranks. Those were bitter years for the youthful commander.

Then in November, 1758, he

accompanied General John Forbes's army in a new and more cautious campaign against Fort Duquesne. He again marched toward the Forks. The French, facing odds with which they could not cope, blew up their magazine and left the Ohio country—forever.

The first phase of Washington's career was over. At twenty-six he was an accomplished soldier and leader, a man of substantial means, versed in the American way of waging war, and deeply interested in the great west, the gateway to which—the Forks of the Ohio—he had helped to win. His military experience would, within eighteen years, come into use against some of the very British officers by whose side he had fought. His interest in the west, financial, political and sentimental, would one day stand him well—as President and national policy-maker.

Meantime, at the end of 1758 he returned home and resigned from the army, engaged to marry the tiny handsome widow, Martha Custis. He was content to rest on his laurels, perhaps to sit in the House of Burgesses, to hunt, ride, dance, tend his plantations and, above all, to enjoy a peaceful life.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

NAME OF A NAME

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A BUREAU
OF MISSING PERSONS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE



HERE are fifty oft-spoken phrases that have immortalized names like Davy Jones, Peeping Tom and Doubting Thomas. You should be able to guess most of

them quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 101.

1. Dancing the S Q. sance a .
2. I won't tell my business to every , and .
3. Rob B to pay B.
4. Everything is .
5. " alive, or dead."
6. Has anybody here seen K?
7. That must be out of 's jokebook.
8. He's a of all trades.
9. B's Irish rose.
10. Just sign your J H here.
11. C's last stand.
12. All is not according to R.
13. The Colonel's Lady and B are sisters under the skin.
14. Curse you, !
15. Lay on, !
16. After you, my dear B.
17. It's a regular Darby and romance.
18. The bartender gave the nui-
19. Speak for yourself, B.
20. Et tu, B!
21. When you and I were young, M.
22. You're a better man than I am, G B.
23. Off agin, on agin, .
24. Let M do it.
25. the Ripper is at large.
26. A came from out of the West.
27. Not tonight, !
28. He carried a message to .
29. Well, as a lover, you're no Don J yourself.
30. It's the real M C.
31. He lost a bout with J B , and they took him away in the Black .
32. He is suffering from a C horse.

33. You know me, ____.
34. Uncle ____ extended his hand across the sea to ____ Bull.
35. She's both a Calamity ____ and a Hard-Hearted ____.
36. Don't expect Alibi ____ to take the blame for anything.
37. Officer, he pulled a ____ and a black ____ on me.
38. ____'s wife was above suspicion.
39. He'd be handsome if he didn't have a big Red's Apple.
40. He showed his ____ heel.
41. He climbed the ladder's ladder.
42. We got in to see the show free on ____ s.
43. He has the patience of ____.
44. "Dr. Water, I presume."
45. British soldiers are known by the familiar name of ____.
46. She doesn't use her married name; she's a ____ Leaguer.
47. He dresses like a Bean Brown.
48. For the love of Mike!
49. Just a good time ____, that's him.
50. Tell it to ____.

—HERBERT CLARK

HOW TO MAKE 'EM READ ON

"LET me state unequivocally that what is to follow is not for the squeamish or the tender-minded. It is not a pretty tale. But for those who do not flinch at facts, who are able to face life fearlessly and truthfully, the following etc., etc."

★

"To those who are blinded by prejudice the following lesson probably will be wasted, but it is recommended for any who can look at things impartially, think logically and unemotionally, and arrive at their opinions on the basis of honest facts."

★

"To those with untrained minds, the distinction I am about to make may seem overly subtle, and I recom-

mend that those who do not make a habit of orderly thinking skip this passage which will undoubtedly be lost on them."

★

"People with a sense of humor think that the following anecdote is funny. Those without a sense of humor invariably fail to see anything laughable in this occurrence. Accordingly, I suggest that those in the latter category lay this down at once, because it holds nothing for them."

★

"If you like to hear only what you have been brought up to believe, read no further, because you will only be irritated and offended."

—TRACY PERKINS

THEY AREN'T SPOOFING

Many a Jest Is Said in Earnest

FISHERMEN, they say, are laying low for the visitor to Walter J. Moxom, head of the St. Louis, Missouri, Weather Bureau, who had a new scheme for flood prevention. "Line the rivers with

high voltage plates," advised this person earnestly, "and when the floods come turn on the electricity. This will dissipate the excess water in steam."

"And cook the fish?" asked Moxom.

★ ★ ★

A SUBTLE difference exists in the censor's viewpoint between a word used as a verb and its adjectival form. In England's House of Commons anyway. For while the use of

"damn" is banned, the Deputy Speaker has recently ruled that "damnable" is permissible. "I think there is a difference in the use of the word 'damn' and the word 'damnable,'" he said.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the directors of the Massachusetts Turkey Growers' Association sat down to a dinner at which they were to discuss how to make the

general public "native turkey conscious," the main dish was not, as might logically be expected, a sample turkey, but a juicy joint of roast beef.

★ ★ ★

AS A witness for Los Angeles in its suit to abate a 150-acre flying field as a public nuisance, Mrs. Hazel Leece gave as her reason for agreeing

with the city authorities the information that airplanes interfere with kite-flying. An airplane had flown under her son's kite and carried it away.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the Maryland Legislature was considering a bill permitting women to serve as jurors, many women appeared to protest against it.

"Homes would be broken up when husbands got jealous because their wives were serving on mixed juries with strange men, locked up for goodness knows how long," declared one.

Women would come home from their harrowing experiences in court, protested another, "feeling too unclean to associate with their families." And one lady said she was raised to believe women were superior to men and that she, for one, didn't want to descend to their level by serving on juries.

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

A NOTE ON CARPENTER

HIS HUMBLE OPINION OF HIS COMPOSITIONS
IS NOT SHARED BY THE DISCERNING LISTENER



AT THE turn where Michigan Boulevard becomes Lake Shore Drive, two bulky, baronial, greystone mansions face each other. One, desolate and dingy, the deserted home of the late Edith Rockefeller McCormick, has been a real estate headache for years. The other, across the way, houses the most discriminating, sensitive and urbane-living American composer—easily Chicago's most distinguished citizen.

Thousands rush past daily without giving it a thought. They seldom see the man who lives there: his face is not often in the local news sheets. They are not aware that he was the man who *Carpenterized* the skyscraper, put Krazy Kat on the stage, introduced the Charleston, the banjo and the saxophone to the Metropolitan Opera House. They have not heard his *Improving Songs for Anxious Children*, his bits of tone painting that are at once as evanescent and as strong as the winds of Michigan

Boulevard. They do not know *The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes*, *The Odalisque*, the mood of the lake he has caught in a web of sound.

Concert-goers hear him rarely, see him less—usually at first performances of his works: a tall, spare, greying man with a direct, embracing smile, who turns all applause toward the performers. His friends adore him, but he is known only to a few, intimately by none. Neither he nor his wife will offer any “human interest” tid-bits to the seals.

John Carpenter is a man of too exquisite sensibilities, too fine-grained a fiber to give himself easily. He has sampled life everywhere — selected, gleaned and culled near and far. He is positive in his likes and dislikes, but he is not opinionated. He seeks a blend of beauty and poetry, a dash of humor and fantasy.

He is alert to literature, painting, nature. He is neither erratic nor erotic, captious nor arbitrary.

He is balanced, sees both sides. His New England ancestry keeps him from being effusive. There is in him nothing freakish, fitful, hysterical, wayward or fickle. He abhors dishonesty, laziness. He never loses his temper nor raises his voice. He is neither sullen, stiff-necked, cross-grained nor hard-mouthed, but where his principles are involved he is as unyielding as a cement floor.

Dogs, cats, servants and children are attracted to him. He is warm, understanding, sympathetic, a man in whose presence it is pleasant to be. He discusses art, philosophy, life with others as though they had his taste and penetration. He never condescends. Talking about himself, he avoids.

John Carpenter has had two successful careers: ship chandler and composer. He avoided the trappings and impedimenta of both, frequented the haunts of neither. He escaped the Rotary, the B.P.O.E. and the Bankers. He was not hail-fellow-well-met. He did no back-slapping. But he made money.

Until the last years, he spent every morning at his office, surrounded by anchors, chains, compasses—selling things for ships and mills and railways. That gave his

musical mind a rest. In later years he traveled: there had to be something to pull him away from writing music. For, once the problem of transmuting a conception into sound is crystallized, he never stops until he has a solution.

His imagination has been stirred by many subjects: the Spain of Velázquez, the age of rivets, tin lizzies, high skirts and honky-tonk, the antics of Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse, the drifts of the sea, the simple but fathomless poetry of Tagore, and the hedonistic life of a perambulator baby on his own lake front.

A consummate craftsman, he does not mistake means for ends. He is under no delusion that superficial musical energy is a substitute for inner musical life. He uses serviceable material, animates it with vivid and plastic rhythms—always highly personal—clothes the whole in a rainbow play of harmonies and timbres, and then bends it to his purpose. So doing, he prefers to be adroit rather than flagrant with dissonance. He is by no means routine, yet never sensational merely to be sensational. His own programs serve to intimate his purpose:

Adventures in a Perambulator: I. En Voiture. Every morning—after my second breakfast—if the

wind and sun are favorable, I go out . . .

II. The Policeman. Out is wonderful! It is always different, though one seems to have been there before. I cannot fathom it all. Some sounds seem like smells. Some sights have echoes. It is confusing, but it is Life! For instance, the Policeman—an Unprecedented Man! Round like a ball; taller than my Father. Blue—fearful—fascinating! I feel him before he comes. I see him after he goes. I try to analyze his appeal. It is not buttons alone, nor belt, nor baton. I suspect it is his eye and the way he walks. He walks like Doom. My nurse feels it, too. She becomes less firm, less powerful. My perambulator hurries, hesitates, and stops. They converse. They ask each other questions — some with answers, some without. I listen, with discretion. When I feel that they have gone far enough, I signal to my nurse, a private signal, and the Policeman resumes his enormous Blue March. I feel him after he goes.

About his own music, John Carpenter is objective. "To tell the truth," he says, "I have a low opinion of much that I've written. There are moments in all my

works that are unrealized. Of course, as a man goes on writing music, he falls in love with what he is doing at the moment. If he doesn't, why be a composer? He's like a horse with a bunch of hay ahead of him. He must get a feeling that makes him think for the moment: 'My God! This is good!'

"I have never failed to suffer a revulsion after finishing a work. Well, no, that is not altogether true. Most often, however, I am convinced I could do each work better if I could only do it over again. Through the years I have the sense of having made some progress—but always there is the desperate feeling that time is short and 'the hay' still out of reach.

"It is my guess that the historian of the year 2000 will conclude that our era has been a significantly sterile one for the production of truly great art in any field. It may be that materialism has so dominated the life of our day that an atmosphere has been created in which only the soldier or the scientist can draw a full breath. It may appear to an observer of a later age that even the best work of our best men seems little more than a desperate attempt to escape, like Van Gogh, from a prison with walls too high to scale."

Whether Carpenter's works will

live, the future alone can say. They are historical documents, glimpses of his epoch, recorded with the keen perception of a discerning musician and filtered through a poised, challenging intellect. They are the product of a highly evolved human being—a man who has walked, culturally speaking, with poets and kings, and who still loves the smell of the

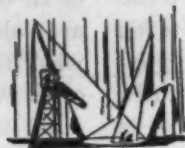
crowd. They are seldom heroic, nor do they burst forth with the unmistakable emotional explosion of an undying masterpiece. They are valuable not only because of what they contain, but because of what they permit the listening mind to perceive. They are the expressions of a man who has “listened long and long” and still listens. —CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 95-96

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Suzy. | 26. Lochinvar. |
| 2. Tom, Dick, Harry. | 27. Josephine. |
| 3. Peter, Paul. | 28. Garcia. |
| 4. Jake. | 29. Juan. |
| 5. Pendicaris, Raisuli. | 30. McCoy. |
| 6. Kelly. | 31. John Barleycorn, Maria. |
| 7. Joe Miller. | 32. Charley. |
| 8. Jack. | 33. Al. |
| 9. Abie. | 34. Sam, John. |
| 10. John Hancock or John Henry. | 35. Jane, Hannah. |
| 11. Custer. | 36. Ike. |
| 12. Hoyle. | 37. Roscoe or Billy, Jack. |
| 13. Judy O'Grady. | 38. Caesar. |
| 14. Jack Dalton. | 39. Adam. |
| 15. Macduff. | 40. Achilles. |
| 16. Alphonse. | 41. Jacob. |
| 17. Joan. | 42. Annie Oakley. |
| 18. Mickey Finn. | 43. Job. |
| 19. John. | 44. Livingstone. |
| 20. Brutus. | 45. Tommy Atkins. |
| 21. Maggie. | 46. Lucy Stone. |
| 22. Gunga Din. | 47. Beau Brummell. |
| 23. Finnegan. | 48. Mike. |
| 24. George. | 49. Charlie. |
| 25. Jack. | 50. Sweeney. |

SCHOOL FOR STARS

*STILL MASTER OF THE THEATRE, MAX REINHARDT
HAS ESTABLISHED HIS CAPITOL IN HOLLYWOOD*



ON HOLLYWOOD's Sunset Boulevard, a few steps down the street from the chrome, glass, and neon frontages of the new NBC and CBS buildings, is a classic structure fronted by Grecian pillars; above the portico a sign reads simply: Max Reinhardt. To a large section of theatre folk the sign identifies that place as the theatre capitol of the world.

There have been several revolutions in the art of the theatre since 1905 when Max Reinhardt blazed the trail for modernism; the expressionist and constructionist methods of Moscow's Meierhold, the stylized methods of the Habima, the scenery-as-actor theories of Gordon Craig—each has held the center of the stage for a time. The art of the theatre has been extended by the motion picture and radio mediums. Abstract theories of acting which require the player to be a gymnast or a mummy have flared and died. Group playing has become a re-

ligion of the theatre with some folk, others stick to the star system.

Through all this, Reinhardt has retained his following. His name today is still the name of the theatre's greatest living master, to the theatre's greatest public. When he founded his first school in Berlin, before the World War, Berlin became the world theatre capitol; later the capitol moved with Reinhardt to Vienna, to Salzburg, to a castle on the Rhine; the capitol, was, so to speak, in this man's head; and now he has carried it to Hollywood. At 64, the master has founded a new school; and the Reinhardt workshop is no mere capitalization on his name; spry, vigorous, fertile and creative as ever, Reinhardt is at work in his theatre-shop every day, coaching, molding his latest group of youngsters into members of that worldwide band of people who explain their art in no mysterious abstractions, but simply by saying they have "worked with Reinhardt."



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT CLARK

New names, minted in Reinhardt's workshop, frequently dot Hollywood casts. These two, shown with Dr. Reinhardt, are star pupils and soon may be cinema stars. The girl in yellow is Jessica Cheyney. Her colleague, Nanette Fabares, is already signed by Warner Brothers.

The master is enthusiastic about his American material. The varied racial sources of American life have given them a richness of endow-

ment and a flexibility far beyond the European type, he declares, and they work hard. There is only one difficulty. They learn too fast.



Max Reinhardt here holds colloquy on the interpretation of the roles in Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, a favorite of his and the genesis of his most spectacular success, *The Miracle*. The Maeterlinck play, with its large cast of nuns, is an excellent workshop training piece.

And in Hollywood, the talent scouts are perched like hawks over the Reinhardt workshop. No sooner does a pupil begin to "show something" than the magic contract appears with its beckoning

dotted line, to whisk the talented one from workshop to studio.

"I suppose I cannot blame them," Max Reinhardt says of his pupils. "When the job is offered, they feel they have to take it." He



Radio technique is included in the training of the Reinhardt pupils. The Workshop students go into the sound control rooms and find out what the mechanisms can do to, and for, their voices. Then they regulate their voices accordingly. Television will be added next.

smiles with wry understanding. Nevertheless, quite a few of his talented young troupers are willing to abide by his advice and refuse contracts, waiting until the master tells them they are ready.

Behind the classic portico is a complex of offices, rehearsal rooms, studio workrooms fitted with the latest motion picture and radio gadgets; in one room, students are practicing fencing; in



Goldoni's *At Your Service* is a straight dish of drollery, whipped up around a couple of couples who are saved from marrying the wrong people. It has new music by Erich Korngold. The girls all learn to sing and dance, and their legs look none the worse for intellect.

another, a student is recording his voice, then listening to the playback, studying his errors; across the hall, a group is designing scen-

ery, others are constructing model sets. For Reinhardt believes that the actor must be a complete instrument, must know the history

of the theatre, must have enough education to relate theatre to life, theatrical history to world history, must be able to sing and dance as well as to act, must be able to perform in every mood and style, from the *Comedia dell' Arte* to the modern movie.

In the midst of this complex of workrooms is a huge beam-ceilinged chamber, paneled in sound-absorbent material. A grand piano is backed into what was once a huge open fireplace; a few spotlights squint monkeywise from the ceiling beams. At one end of the room are some rows of folding chairs. The first row is formed by armchairs, for the master and the faculty. The rest of the room is the stage. No platform, no proscenium separates actors from audience. A folding screen is the curtain.

The middle armchair is, momentarily, the world capitol of the theatre. Max Reinhardt is pointed forward, his large head poised in birdlike attention, and at the same time cocked sidewise as if in consultation with Helen Thimig Reinhardt, his wife, herself famous as an actress, who shares direction of the theatre workshop.

In the forepart, or stage part of the room, with a few drapes and screens for scenery, the newest

group of students is performing Philip Barry's *Holiday*.

At first the performance seems barren and awkward. The actors are very young and have made little effort to age their appearance to correspond with the parts they play. One lad seems to be imitating Fredric March in his voice and mannerisms. A girl seems to be able to play only her big scenes, becoming awkward when she is not the center of interest. But as the play goes on, the illusion rises. A special quality of sincerity comes from the young players. And as each young actor reaches a big speech, Reinhardt leans forward with particular attention, obviously making mental notes for later periods of coaching. He believes in the utmost realization of the individual actor's powers, as well as in smooth group performance, and it is perhaps because of his delight in bringing out each actor's fullest talent that Reinhardt has produced so many world famous stars, stars such as Luise Rainer, Dietrich, Joseph Schildkraut, Alexandre Moissi.

Some of the more recent theorists of the theatre, who believe that acting must be based upon a specific method, criticize Reinhardt for being an acting director, instead of a suggesting director.

Quite simply, there are theatrical professors who believe in explaining, only explaining each acting problem, and insisting that the actor solve the mechanics of interpretation in his own way, rather than by imitation. Max Reinhardt, however, is one of those directors who, while explaining and enlarging on a dramatic text, expounding the author's meanings and pointing out the various possibilities of interpretation, cannot resist jumping into the actor's place and showing him exactly how it should be done: with what gestures, with what tones of voice.

Nevertheless, he is the first to encourage the actors to do the same thing differently if they feel it differently, "in their own way." But then, as director, he is the final judge as to which way fits best into the harmony of his production.

The main thing Reinhardt requires of his pupils is sincerity: belief in each thing they try to do. There is sincerity even in comedy; and the quality of sincerity, he maintains, is what makes all techniques of acting essentially the same: stage and screen and radio require that same basic quality; the various small tricks of technique that distinguish each medium are easily learned, afterward.

Max Reinhardt insists that only such persons as have a definite talent for the theatre should be permitted to train for it; if at the end of a few weeks' trial he finds he has been disappointed in the promise of an applicant, that applicant is told, as pleasantly as possible, to seek some other field of activity; the theatre, or at least Reinhardt's theatre, is not for ordinary folk. Tuition for an entire year may be refunded.

On the other hand, lads who hitchhiked from New Orleans, Detroit, New York, penniless, but in the hope of receiving training from the theatre-master, have, if they exhibited enough talent, found scholarships, and later jobs waiting for them. One such youngster received a scholarship provided by Edward G. Robinson, and advanced so rapidly that he was selected as an assistant director on the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Edna May Oliver is another of the film stars who provides a scholarship at the Workshop.

The routine at the school is strenuous. Classes start at 8:30, go on all day; often there is rehearsal or performance in the evening. In the single year of its existence, the Workshop has produced Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, *Faust*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*,

Noel Coward's *Tonight at 8:30*, *Holiday*, and Goldoni's *At Your Service*. Students are now rehearsing in streamlined versions of the *Bluebird*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Most of the productions are simply done in the large theatre-room of the Workshop; a few, however, have been presented in theatres in Hollywood. The latest and most elaborate of these was the fanciful, colorful production of the Goldoni comedy, with music by Erich Korngold from Rossini themes.

The public which associates the name of Reinhardt only with such tremendous spectacles as *The Miracle*, which turned entire theatres into cathedrals, as the Salzburg festival, as the New York production of *The Eternal Road*, for which an opera house was rebuilt, would be astonished at the surroundings of some of the Reinhardt productions in Hollywood. For here, the Max Reinhardt of the famous intimate theatre, the Kammerspiel, has precedence. *At Your Service* was presented in a school auditorium with a shallow platform stage and very simple lighting and scenic effects.

It was played in delirious, harlequin fashion, with actors stepping front center to make direct

speeches to the audience, with interludes of song, dance, mimicry. The piece proved to be an amazingly shrewd selection for a cast of students, as almost every character in the play had, at one time or another, a specialty number, song, or recital, in which to display full talent. Two of the players, Nanette Fabares, an irrepressible, feathery, joyful creature of seventeen, and Herbert Anderson, a lanky droll, were immediately signed to long-term contracts.

Reinhardt's aim, however, is scarcely to become the chief trainer for the film industry. He wants to establish a theatre in the United States, with his school as background and basis, as it was in Europe. This school has every chance to take the place of the famous 47 Workshop conducted at Harvard by the late Professor Baker. For Reinhardt, too, wants to have people in every department of the theatre, playwrights, directors, actors, designers, technicians, learning and practicing in his school. He is not certain that Hollywood is the final place for such a school. Perhaps, he now thinks, he should have half his school in the East, the rest in Hollywood, devote six months of the year to each. Max Reinhardt is just starting. —MARTIN LEWIS



George G. Mason

CORONET

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LULLABY FOR A CHILD NAMED ABE

(1809)

Here is your cradle, babe, hush now, sleep,
The valleys of Kentucky, narrow and deep.

Here is your mother, as sweet as a song,
Here is your father, a quiet man and strong.

Hush, babe, sleep, babe, the hills are touched with hope,
The cold rains of winter run down every slope.

The warm sun of spring will sparkle on the streams,
Hush, babe, sleep, babe, and grow with your dreams.

Your grandmother Lucy was a gay girl they said,
Hush, babe, sleep, a hawk floats overhead.

Her laughter was a good thing, her feet were free and wild,
She would have you be as free, her own grandchild.

Hush, babe, sleep, the redbud is in bloom,
And the weaver's stern fingers are busy with the loom.

—GERALDINE WOLF

CAN YOU REASON INDUCTIVELY?

A QUIZ DESIGNED TO TEST YOUR ABILITY TO
INFER GENERAL RULES FROM SPECIFIC FACTS



THROUGH inductive reasoning we are able to show our alertness, originality and resourcefulness; and it is, therefore, more exciting than routine thinking. Whenever we study a series of events or facts in an attempt to discover the rule which accounts for these events, we reason inductively. Although this statement may seem a trifle abstract, it describes a method of thinking that we use every day. We reason inductively when our car breaks down, and we cannot immediately locate the difficulty, when we seek the reason why the paint is peeling off the south side

of the house, and when we tackle an endless number of practical little problems. It is an intelligent trial and error type of thinking; we survey the data in an attempt to create a rule which will describe it.

Below is a test which can be taken only by reasoning inductively. Each of the questions embodies some rule, so examine them with the aim of discovering the rule represented by the given data. Give yourself five points for each correct answer. A score of 70 or over is good, and 85 or over is excellent. Answers on Page 132.

1. One of the following words does not belong in the list:

- (1) highway; (2) road; (3) sidewalk; (4) avenue; (5) street

2. One of the following words does not belong in the list:

- (1) stress; (2) turmoil; (3) woe; (4) skillful; (5) disaster

3. The two pairs of words are in

a certain relationship; discover

the relationship and then write in the word which will complete the third pair:

hard, soft; light, dark; up, down

4. The code below means "Clear hiway." Discover the principle of the code and write the reply "Send car."

3, 12, 5, 1, 18—8, 9, 23, 1, 25

19, 5, 14, 4, —3, 1, 18

5. The following series of letters proceeds according to a certain principle. Discover the principle and write in the next two letters.

A, C, B; D, F, E; G, I, H

6. One of the following does not belong in the list:

(1) Korea; (2) Hawaii; (3) Ontario; (4) Tunisia; (5) Portugal

7. The code below means "Send me money." Discover the principle of the code and write the reply "No funds."

Tfoe nf npofz 'M P 3VOET'

8. The following series of letters proceeds according to a certain principle. Discover the principle and write in the next two letters.

Z, A, Y, B, X, C, W, D

9. One of the following animals does not belong in the list:

(1) frog; (2) turtle; (3) perch; (4) eel; (5) water moccasin

10. The two pairs of words are in a certain relationship; write in a word which will complete the third pair.

small, insignificant; large, colossal; loud, _____

11. What is an additional number to complete this series?

1776; 1812; 1846; 1861; 1898;

1919

12. The series of groups of num-

bers below proceeds according to a rule. Discover the rule and write in the next group of numbers.

6978; 5867; 4756; 3645; 2534

13. One of the fish below does not belong in the series:

(1) carp; (2) muskellunge; (3) perch; (4) pike; (5) smelt

14. The series of numbers below proceeds in a certain order.

Discover this order and write in the next number.

.125; .25; .5; 1; 2; 3

15. The following series of letters proceeds according to a certain rule. Discover this rule and write in the next two letters.

M, N, L, O, K, P, J, 2

16. One of the animals named in the following group does not belong in the list:

(1) perch; (2) whale; (3) bass; (4) sturgeon; (5) ray

17. Examine the series below and carry it two more steps.

A, $\frac{1}{2}$, C, $1\frac{1}{2}$, E, $2\frac{1}{2}$, G, $3\frac{1}{2}$,

I, 4, N

18. The coded message below means "Are you ready?" Discover the principle of the code and write the reply, "Yes, I am."

ZB, QS, DF—XZ, NP, TV—
QS, DF, ZB, CE, XZ?

19. The pairs of numbers below

are in a certain relationship. Discover this relationship and write in the number which will complete the last pair.

29, 92; 63, 36; 14, 41

20. The series of groups of num-

bers below proceeds according to a principle. Discover the principle and write in the next group of numbers.

4132, 5243, 6354, 7465, 8571

—WILLIAM JAMES GIESE

HOW SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY?

How shall we spend eternity is not a question on an evangelist's banner but one which has occupied the folk of all ages. For centuries man has been pondering the statement that a thousand years is but a day in the sight of the Lord and that many years may appear but an instant to an ordinary mortal.

This stepping into an adventure where time is not has engaged the attention of many writers before and after the creator of *Rip Van Winkle*. One of the most interesting attempts to explain how the saints may spend eternity without becoming bored has been recorded by the Crusading Bishop, Jacques de Vitry, 13th century collector of folklore:

A very religious and energetic abbot was once meditating about the end of the world and about what eternity would be like. Among other things he began to ponder the joys of Paradise. He was disturbed lest the saints with no earthly duties to perform might become bored to be in one place for so long a time.

As he was wondering how he could endure unbroken leisure, a bird ap-

peared. The abbot stopped and watched the bird and listened with delight to its sweet song.

Returning to the abbey, he found the gate of the abbey changed, and a new doorkeeper standing at the wicket.

"And who are you?" the gatekeeper inquired.

"I am the abbot of this monastery, and I but just now went into the garden to meditate."

The brothers denied that he was their abbot. Wondering, an old brother hunted through the book where were written the names of the dead abbots. Here they found, among those who had died three hundred years ago, this abbot's name.

And so the folk today who wonder whether perpetual hymns of praise and the playing of golden harps will ever grow tiresome must rest content with the words of the good Bishop:

"And so God showed to that saint that a thousand years in eternal beatitude is as a day which is gone and that three hundred years but a bird song, nor will these saints ever be bored."

—M. W. MAGOON

ROADS, JUST ROADS

INNOCUOUS DISSERTATION ON A SUBJECT
THAT YOU SIMPLY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM



ROADS have been with us since time immemorial, the Romans having built some so permanent that even the detours have lasted. Roads are to get to places on, but nobody has ever explained to me whether or not we'd have been better off if we stayed where we were in the first place. There is a great variety of roads, including dirt, brick, cobblestone, asphalt, terrible and wrong, the last being encountered most frequently when you are half an hour late and running short of gas.

But of course one of the nicest features of roads is the scenery you can see en route. If you tour this great country of ours you can observe such scenic wonders as the Yosemite Valley, the Hudson Palisades, Smoke El Chokos, Hot Dogs, Stop At Joe's, No Left Turn, and Fresh Eggs 39c Dozin. People have formed such a strong habit of reading road signs that if I ever write a best seller, I'll sell serial rights to the Lincoln Highway.

When you come down to it, practically everybody you ever heard of lives on a road, or on streets, highways or boulevards which are just roads that have had their faces lifted. Practically everybody you *haven't* heard of lives on roads, too, and most of these turn out to be motor cycle cops and hitchhikers. Motor cycle cops are fellows who are hired to keep down speed on roads designed for speed, and hitchhikers are ex-piano players who turned out to be all thumbs.

Some roads are more famous than others, and among the ones most frequently traveled in this country are the Santa Fe Trail, the Boston Post Road, Michigan Boulevard and Do Not Enter. Roads that stop suddenly come to a dead end; so do some drivers. If all the roads in the world were straightened out, and put end to end, it would be even sillier than a lot of things some governments are doing. —PARKE CUMMINGS

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

EDITH JARVIS ALDEN

WHEN she was a child, Edith Jarvis romped through the Iowa offices of Burlington railroad. Frequently she sat in, uncomprehendingly, on board meetings, ponderous discussions of policy, mortgages and legal imbroglios. She was not enthralled. And she never visioned even for a brief instant that she would fall in love with railroading, follow her father's footsteps, become the first woman rail bigwig in the land. In due course she married, had a son. When her husband enlisted in the war to save the world for democracy she did what other women were doing—she stepped in to carry on her husband's business. That meant dealing in refrigerators in Detroit. Then she went back to Burlington's Chicago offices to take charge of Liberty Bond sales to employees. She was charming and persuasive. The war went on. Mrs. Alden worked in the office, attended night school to bone up on shorthand and office management. She was a natural. Corporation law came easy. In 1922 she became assistant secretary, stepping into her father's shoes. Recently directors singled her out for the weighty post of secretary and assistant treasurer. Peppy, fifty-eight-year-old Mrs. Alden becomingly wears the orchids she gets from her son. She likes to swim—and ride on trains.



WILL DOWNER

EDITH JARVIS ALDEN

FEBRUARY, 1940



RICHARD F. LITTLE

WHOSE UNIQUE STUDENT-RUN COUNTRY SCHOOL REALLY EDUCATES

SOMNOLENT little Ellerbe, North Carolina, bedecked with scraggly pines and soft-drink signs, is a mecca for educators interested in its lively, modern rural school—the finest country school in America. In 1928, Richard Little, faced with a pitifully inadequate school budget, began to lead his charges into a program of learning by doing. Today the 1,100 students run the school, discipline themselves,

operate a produce market handling \$15,000 worth of commodities yearly, and run a store. The library and art gallery were purchased with earnings of the school, which is yearly enriched by 150,000 hours of student labor. The school is a living laboratory with real problems and real jobs. As for himself, Principal Little has thumbs-downed attractive salary offers from corporations for his dynamic services.



ROBIN CARSON

M. FLUEGELMAN

WHO DERIVES FUN AND PROFIT FROM HIGH-HATTING HIS CUSTOMERS

M. (FOR MAXIMILIAN) Fluegelman doesn't need an economist to tell him when things are getting better or worse. His New York shop has a near-monopoly on making silk topers for statesmen and the luxury trade; he *knows* when men are in the mood for high hats. (His business is on the upbeat again.) He's been making tall hats for 50 years, has the only exclusive high-hattery in the country.

A "silk" hat is calico, stiffened with shellac and covered with plush or merino. Fluegelman says, "A man may despise wearing one but he's always curious about how to wear it right." Of all his presidential customers, beginning with Roosevelt I, hatter Fluegelman had the most trouble with Coolidge: he insisted on wearing his topers at the wrong angle. Had the smallest head size too.



GEORGE EMME

FRANK MARSHALL

*WHO IS THE FATHER
OF SEXTUPLETS—ALL
NAMED C. MCCARTHY*

HERE you see Frank Marshall who, in making the irrepressible Charlie McCarthy for \$23.75, helped put the "vent" business back on its feet. Now he has six impudent McCarthys living with Edgar Bergen. Just four years ago things were dullish and Marshall had so many blockheads hanging about his shop that he gave them away to neighborhood children for toys. Today the birthrate in his Chicago shop is greater than that in the state of Rhode Island: he makes a goodly percentage of the dummies used the world over. Although his workroom is equipped with electrical machinery, Marshall prefers to work by hand. After a ventriloquist has submitted a sketch—written, verbal or gesticulatory—of the character he wants, Marshall begins carving the head from a block of four-ply basswood. Completely dressed figures sell from \$22.50 to \$125. Marshall is not an entertainer but has a jaw-wagging cut-up for his own amusement.

HELEN GLEICH

WHOSE BUSINESS GREW
OUT OF PITY FOR MEN'S
SARTORIAL DILEMMAS

BECAUSE she heard men complain that their women folk usually gave them ties that only a would-be martyr could contemplate wearing, and because she adored fine fabrics, Helen Gleich founded her unique tie-a-month club. It supplies wives of busy men, husbands, and other sundry males with a mail-order tie service, in which Mrs. Gleich assumes full responsibility in picking a suitable cravat for each subscriber every month. The year's membership is \$30. A dividend appears on the member's birthday when he receives a gift of a tie clasp, cuff links—or a necktie. Upon subscribing, each member is asked to divulge his three favorite colors—and the one he shuns. Blue, red and maroon are most popular. No duplicate patterns go to men in the same city. Mrs. Gleich started her enterprise on the heels of boredom encountered at bridge tables and parties. That was in 1938. Now, *Ties, Limited*, of New York, services men in thirty-four states.



GABOR EDER



DISRAELI

NORMAN MacDonald

WHO IS THE FRANK BUCK OF FLORA—BRINGING ORCHIDS BACK ALIVE

FED up with a Wall Street brokerage clerkship, Norman MacDonald set out to realize his ambition to be a South American explorer. He found there wasn't much that needed exploring, but discovered a business in which there was both excitement and money: orchid hunting. Now he's the Frank Buck of flowers: he searches forests of Colombia and Venezuela for the best commercial species of orchids

and brings 'em back alive—not merely precious blooms but the whole plant. Most of the *cattleya* you see in florist shops is grown artificially in this country, but the best stock still is imported. MacDonald and his partner, Frank MacKay, must work like gold prospectors—secretly, for adventurers are not above jumping orchid claims or hijacking shipments. And natives sometimes are less than friendly.

THE VOLTAIRE CURSE

CAN COINCIDENCE EXPLAIN THE FATE THAT HAS
BEEN VISITED UPON ALL THESE INNOCENT MEN?



THE heart of Voltaire was taken from his body and given to his niece, Madame Denis, who later presented it to Madame de Villette, Voltaire's adopted daughter. For a time it reposed peacefully in a small silver casket until it was finally decided to give the heart back to its body. But when the tomb was opened in the Pantheon it was found to be empty. What happened to the body? Nobody knows. There is a Voltaire curse.

And the reason for the curse, it is claimed, is due to the fact that the dying cynic waved aside the priests who came to his bedside. He died without a last confession. Was this due to intention or to the fact that the ill man was already half-insensible when the church fathers arrived? This also is unanswerable. And is the curse one that was issued from some supernatural power or is it only coincident? And how long will it run? And must all those who touch the writings of Voltaire also suffer?

Here is a list of some of the editors and publishers of the works of Voltaire.

Beaumarchais, author of *The Barber of Seville* and *Figaro*, was the first editor of the works of Voltaire. His decline was rapid. He lost a million francs by the venture and died a poor man in 1799.

Desser later published an edition in ten volumes but died soon afterwards and his friend Migeon who provided the money for this edition ended his days in illness and poverty.

Cérioux and the widow of Peronneau brought out an edition of Voltaire in sixty volumes. They were ruined beyond recovery.

Dalibon gave the public a beautiful edition in ninety-seven volumes and he ended his days as a laborer for a color-grinder with the wages of two-and-a-half francs a day.

Touquet died very suddenly at Ostend in 1831 before he could bring out the edition he planned.

Garnery, his partner, went on with the publication and completed the edition in seventy-five volumes. He died a ruined man.

Deterville, a wealthy publisher, who could not possibly be ruined financially, issued an edition of Voltaire. He became blind soon after its publication.

Daubrée had the misfortune to accuse a woman of stealing a book that was worth but ten sous. She murdered him.

René, of Brussels, edited an edition of the works of Voltaire and

soon afterward failed and ended his career as a simple workman.

In America, a kindly Scotsman, Adam Dingwall, who for many years published *Current Opinion*, also issued a large edition of Voltaire. His publishing house was in bankruptcy when he died.

Lincoln MacVeigh and his Dial Press brought out a collected volume of *Voltaire's Romances* in 1928. The court appointed a receiver a few years later and most of the books were remaindered.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

EYES THAT SEE NOT

MOST of us look at things over and over without really seeing them. Try to draw on a piece of paper the outer dimensions of a dollar bill. If you have the length and width exactly right, then you're a marvel, for in a test only one person in 500 got it right. Then see if you can draw a circle approximately the size of a dime or a quarter.

Having done that successfully, make a rectangle exactly the size of a two-cent stamp. And how many little perforations are there at the edge of the stamp? Several thousand persons have tried these simple tests and failed.

Maybe you've heard your father ask a blessing at the table several hundred times. But could you repeat it word for word? You've read many

children's stories aloud. But try to tell one with complete accuracy in its main details.

Garry C. Myers, well-known educational psychologist, suggests these:

How many steps are there up to the second floor of your home?

What was the weather like last Tuesday morning?

On what day of the week did this month start?

Without stopping to count, how many letters in your name?

Has your watch Roman or Arabic numerals?

Ask members of your family to reproduce the figures on an ordinary watch face and see if they think to omit the VI where the second hand comes.

—FRED C. KELLY

MAN OF NATURE

STRANGE WAS THE EXISTENCE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, AND STRANGER YET HIS "CONFESSIONS".



THE man or woman who comes to maturity without having read the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau has missed one of the unique treats that the literature of the western world has to offer. Periodically damned by professional moralists who refuse to let every man reach the moral for himself, the *Confessions* is perhaps the most complete autobiography of flesh and error ever written.

The autobiography of ideas is done again and again. But the other kind requires of its author that he be hypersensitive and yet that he flay his own skin, lay bare his own vitals and turn the scalpel in upon himself. No one ever practiced autovivisection with as much enthusiasm as did Rousseau, the eighteenth-century man of nature.

Moreover, the same Rousseau was the philosopher who was in a large sense, responsible for the dissemination of these ideas: the rights of peoples against their rulers and political equality. Both

were behind the greatest movements of his time. We who live in a century which is cynical of the principle of Liberty, more or less resigned to the loss of Equality and, save on the narrowest basis, suspicious of Fraternity, are inclined to scoff at idealistic watchwords and to cock our ears only at songs of hate. But the American Declaration of Independence eloquently expounds Rousseau's principles and the French Revolution was fought with "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" as its cry.

Yet Rousseau's work, whether in letters or philosophy, cannot be fully understood without an appreciation of his strange life and personality.

★ ★ ★

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born in Geneva on June 28, 1712, of French parentage. His mother, who was the daughter of a minister, died at his birth. His father, a watchmaker with literary tastes, strove to give Jean Jacques what

little education he could afford and read daily with the boy from the few books he owned. Plutarch's *Lives*, Rousseau later avowed, made the greatest impression upon him.

Through force of circumstances the boy was from his tenth year shifted from one environment to another. He lived with, first, his mother's relations and, then, with an uncle who apprenticed him to a notary and still later to an engraver. The lot of the apprentice in those days was at best that of a menial servant and Jean Jacques, already a sensitive daydreaming creature, emotionally unstable and devoid of all sense of security because of his position, suffered cruelly from the treatment he was accorded by his masters. In compensation he learned, by his own account in the *Confessions*, to lie, to cheat and to pilfer like any gamin of the streets.

When he was sixteen young Rousseau ran away from the engraver's shop and his years of wandering began. A friendly priest came upon him and, being moved by the intellectual promise he showed, sent him to Amnecy to a Madame de Warens, who assisted in his education, chiefly in science and music. Later Jean Jacques was sent to a religious training

school in Turin. He did not stay there long and was soon wandering again.

He became a footman in the service of a countess but soon returned to the establishment of Madame de Warens, who took him in again and encouraged him to resume his education. Once more he studied music and now the classics as well but he was apparently not a good scholar, his peculiarly volatile nature preventing him from almost any kind of self-discipline. Sincerity of expression and general eloquence were even then his most outstanding gifts. Though a timid soul with a large appetite for flattery and barely twenty years old, he was already pouring upon himself a strong solution of the corrosive acid of self-criticism.

At this time he became his patroness' lover and for the next six years lived peacefully under Madame de Warens' wing, reading and studying philosophy. Then his health failed and he went to Montpellier with another woman, his amoral character permitting him to wander from Madame de Warens when his passions dictated. He became a tutor to children but was ill-suited to the tasks such a position imposed. He went to Paris, ostensibly as a musician,

but he was ill equipped for that art and failed in it. At last he left for Venice, where he had secured a post as secretary to the French ambassador. However, he was gone only eighteen months and returned to Paris in 1745.

That year he met the twenty-three-year-old laundress, Therese Levasseur, and made her his mistress. Although Therese was a plain person in contrast to the beautiful and fashionable women whom Rousseau admired so much and in whose presence he was always ecstatic and eloquent, she nevertheless became the prop in his life.

★ ★ ★

When in 1749 the academy at Dijon offered a prize for an essay on the subject "Whether the Revival of Learning Has Contributed to the Improvement of Morals," Rousseau, who was then earning his living by musical hackwork, sent in a paper in which he characteristically took the negative position and argued it with an eloquence that astounded France. Not from the intellectual reserve of the scholar but from the imaginary dream-castles of the mystic came the substance for his piece. With the reception of this work he began to see himself as a Voice fated to show mankind the way.

His success in Paris made him a favorite in certain circles, particularly in the Diderot group, which had accepted him earlier. Now a Madame Dupin, who had also befriended him previously, gave him a position as secretary. But the perverse Rousseau wrote a sneeringly critical paper on French music and brought down such a storm of abuse upon his head that he had to leave for Geneva. His second essay: "On the Origin of the Inequalities Among Men," had appeared; but though more eloquent than his prize paper it did not provoke the same interest.

He visited Madame de Warens and finding her in sore straits gave her what money he could and thereafter, until she died, loyally sent her small sums to assist her in her poverty. Returning to Paris in 1756 he and his household found a refuge at Montmorency in a cottage that was the property of Madame d'Epinay, another admirer.

That cottage, which offered the solitude of the countryside, became the famous "Hermitage." Here Madame d'Houtetot, a friend of his patroness, came to visit the brooding eccentric and was inspired to become his newest passion. Here *The New Heloise* was

composed. From here Rousseau quarreled with Diderot, who had long been his friend.

For all his petulances, rages and exaltations followed by fits of remorse, the finest noblemen in the kingdom were his friends and the best minds of the time sided with him—or crossed swords with him.

He was forty-seven years old and suffering from painful maladies when he began his first novel, *The New Heloise*. He was fifty when it appeared and became the best-seller of the decade. That work cannot be judged fairly by modern standards of criticism: it is a sentimental fiction, the characters are wooden, the dialogue rhetorical and the motivation slight. But in its day it shook Europe to lachrymal depths, for *The New Heloise* was a tragedy of passionate love interwoven with passages of eloquent prose. Even Byron and Goethe, two greater geniuses, were later influenced by this tale of emotion enthroned. Moreover, Rousseau poured out vials of social criticism between the lines, attacking particularly inhumanity and false pride.

In 1762 his *Emilius*, a manual for parents, appeared. The book contained sound advice on the education of children, stressing the value of country surroundings and

gentle treatment and the need for teaching the dignity of labor. Furthermore, it emphasized the merits of the common man and the importance of ingrainin in the young respect for Truth and for Justice. But on the charge of irreligious tendencies the Parliament of Paris ordered the book burned and its author arrested. Rousseau was warned and once more he fled. But France and Europe both were reading *Emilius* and were being deeply influenced by it.

At the same time Rousseau had issued his revolutionary *The Social Contract*, which started as an inquiry into the nature of political society and went into speculations on the rights of people—who as a social brotherhood constitute the only sovereign—against their rulers. “Man is born free,” Rousseau cried passionately in the opening phrases of his new book, “and everywhere he is in chains.” Stylistically at least, for like all of his work this one too lacked cold logic where it was most needed, this work, which struck boldly at the roots of French feudalism, was to become the prototype for the revolutionary literature of the next century and a half. Eloquently it hammered points that had too often been ignored but which

France was prepared to hear extolled: equality before the law in particular and, in all things, equality of opportunity.

Any student of elementary logic can take *The Social Contract* apart, but only Rousseau could have put it together. Like all of his previous writings it contained considerable praise of nature and of the ideal state as having existed in primitive times when life was simple. But however one may criticize *The Social Contract*, the fact remains that it was the work that became the Bible of the French Revolution and that, thirty years later, the Jacobins drew heavily upon it in their attempt to build a new state in France.

★ ★ ★

Rousseau found refuge in Yverdon in the canton of Berne. Then word came that Geneva, city of his birth, had ordered his works burned and their author arrested. Two weeks later Berne ordered him to leave the canton and Rousseau fled to the protection of Frederick of Prussia. The hypersensitive man still had dignity and charm enough to make high friends wherever he went. Besides, his wants were so few, for he never permitted himself any luxuries, that he was able to earn most of the money he needed. So he lived

in exile, lashing out against his foes, both secular and clerical, in short brilliant polemics that are among the choicest pieces to come from his pen.

Continued persecution made him leave Prussia at last and go to the little isle of St. Peter in the canton of Berne. But, although he was idyllically happy here, Berne ordered him out. He wandered again and finally accepted an invitation, extended by David Hume the philosopher, to go to England where his name and works had long been celebrated. George III, Boswell, Garrick, Burke and other Englishmen of distinction paid him homage but Rousseau felt a new loneliness, for he knew no English and he missed the French climate and French associations.

Because of a mischievous public letter secretly written by shrewish Horace Walpole, he quarreled with David Hume, accusing him of the attempt to blacken his character. A war of letters ensued with charges flung wildly on all sides, and he found England cooling off toward him, or so he imagined.

Once more Rousseau was unhappy. Once more he took up his pen, now in 1766 to write his *Confessions*, characteristically to lay himself so bare, to reach in so

deeply and with such passion, sincerity and eloquence, that not the smallest and meanest force in his life could be overlooked, and that he might be understood as not a man *above* men but as a man *of* men, "a man in all the truth of nature." And Rousseau hid nothing, for he knew himself perhaps too well.

He suffered from melancholia, for only his faithful Therese was there with him, and from a feeling that his English friends had betrayed him. He began to believe that everyone was plotting against him. At last he became so terrified by the pictures he conjured up for himself that he fled, panic-stricken, from his pension, his home, even from his papers and returned to France where his old friends could hide him.

Under a false name he went to live in a cottage near Gisors and there he wrote the second part of his *Confessions*. Again he fled and again he wandered. He was at this period estranged from Therese, whom after twenty-five years he had finally married, and was more lonely than ever. There is little doubt that he was a gravely ill man, in search of a peace that he had hitherto been able to find in his own heart.

In 1770 he was once more

back in Paris, once more with Therese and again earning his living by copying music and by writing "Dialogues" that reveal him as a sober philosopher resting his weary shoulders against a tombstone.

His last years were spent in poverty, for Rousseau stubbornly refused to accept money he could not earn. He wrote letters and essays but would have none of the gaiety that he had once loved so much.

Hosts of fears beset him on the days when his maladies triumphed; on other days he was the calm if sensitive Rousseau of older days.

Then on July 2, 1778 an apoplectic stroke brought his death at Ermenonville near Paris. He was buried on a little island in a small lake.

There his body reposed until sixteen years later the leaders of the French Revolution had his ashes removed to the Pantheon in token of the nation's homage. The years have seen the waning of Rousseau's influence as a political philosopher but time has not tarnished the luster of the *Confessions*, which may be called a modern version of the Fall of Man and of his expiation outside the Garden of Eden.

—LOUIS ZARA

DEATH AND THE SERAPHINE

WELL EQUIPPED FOR HER DESPERATE ENTERPRISE,
THE SHIP AWAITED A SUMMONS THAT NEVER CAME



IT is probably well for these United States that the plots and purposes of Jules Bossiere, retired seadog, staunch Napoleonist and port warden of New Orleans, never attained realization. Had he succeeded in making this government wet nurse for the ailing, defeated but still alive-and-kicking Bonaparte, we might have become involved with one or more foreign powers who wanted the conqueror kept safely where he could hatch no more plans of empire.

An unpleasantness of that sort most likely would not have terminated in a mere international "incident." The success of Bossiere's plan would have meant surely that a certain rakish four-masted clipper named the *Seraphine*, which Bossiere designed for his secret purpose, would go down in history alongside the names of other fast and famous ships. The grey old "Napoleon house" on Chartres and St. Louis Streets,

which now the sightseeing guides point out to you in New Orleans' would beyond doubt have housed the occupant for whom Mayor Nicholas Girod built it.

Jules Bossiere had two great loves—Napoleon Bonaparte and the sleek lines of a fast ship. And one great hatred—England. Bossiere's plan in 1820 was to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena and to bring him to safe asylum in New Orleans. He had the backing of wealthy and powerful men both in New Orleans and Charleston, South Carolina. Among them was Nicholas Girod, friend of Andrew Jackson and Napoleon.

In France, too, Napoleon's followers, who had never given up hope of his return, were deep in the rescue scheme. Dr. Antommarchi, Napoleon's personal physician, who came to New Orleans and made his home, admitted years later that he was in the plot, and that the Emperor approved it. (In the Cabildo in New Or-

leans, you may see Napoleon's death mask which Antommarchi presented to the city in acknowledgment of the effort at rescue.)

While Napoleon languished on his lonely island, the ships of England's hovering fleet maintained his exile. Through this fleet Bossiere planned to take the *Seraphine*. He knew exactly the lay of the land—and the sea. He had visited there. He had maps and charts, and forty of the staunchest, seaworthiest and most desperate characters which old New Orleans could supply.

Plans went forward secretly in New Orleans. By the spring of 1821, the *Seraphine*, fresh from the marine ways, was said to be the fastest, stoutest, most easily managed ship afloat. Girod had com-

pleted the grey house with the cupola on Chartres Street.

Bossiere rehearsed his men until each knew precisely the part he was to play in the rescue drama. Napoleon once aboard the *Seraphine*, Bossiere knew he could show a clean pair of heels to all British boats.

Outfitted and provisioned, the *Seraphine* rode easily at her moorings just off the Place d'Armes in the early summer of 1821. All things were ready and she was scheduled to sail within three days.

At that moment came news by ship from Europe that the exiled Napoleon had succumbed at St. Helena. . . .

Death, in the aid of international amity, got there first.

—GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 112-114

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. 3 | series of the declarations of the |
| 2. 4 | major United States Wars.) |
| 3. down | 12. 2534 |
| 4. 19, 5, 14, 4—3, 1, 18 | 13. 1 (Tarpon is the only salt water |
| 5. I, H | fish.) |
| 6. 5 (Portugal is the only sovereign | 14. 4 |
| state.) | 15. J, Q |
| 7. Op gvoet | 16. 2 (The whale is the only aquatic |
| 8. WD | animal that is not a fish.) |
| 9. 3 (Perch is the only entirely | 17. I, 4½ |
| aquatic animal.) | 18. XZ, DF, RT—HJ—ZB, LN |
| 10. deafening (or any other superla- | 19. 41 |
| tive) | 20. 8576 |
| 11. 1917 (This date completes the | |

BUILDING THE VOCABULARY

THERE IS NO LAW AGAINST BEING A MAN OF
FEW WORDS, BUT IT DOES GET A BIT BORING



BY THE time I had reached page 38 of an important work on American social problems just published by an eminent sociologist, I found myself unable to concentrate on the thought. The author's obsession with the word *picture* kept me watching for the next use of it. I began to check up statistically. On that page he used the word eight times! After a chart on page 39, page 40 had four *pictures*—

41	2
42	1
43	2
44	6
45	5
46	6
47	5

The average for nine pages was four and one-third. Skipping at random through the book, I found that this was a permanent warp: page 301 had five *pictures*; 448 had five; 450, five; 451, four.

Now to overuse insignificant words such as *but* or *very* is not

serious, but to hammer away at a word that is "climactic" is to lose the audience. Moreover, our sociologist employs it in a peculiar sense which is part of American business jargon: "The sales picture" . . . "the great desert picture of the Far West," . . . "such were the unparalleled resources that the picture records." I compute that the author must have used the word at least a thousand times in 460 pages, and that about nine hundred of these uses are misuses.

It happens that this book is a thoroughgoing survey of the critical points in American life. If every citizen could be got to read it and ponder its expert testimony, we might have a better chance to patch up or rebuild our national structure.

Only a few thousand citizens, however, will even attempt the book. Romantic fiction is more alluring. But the few thousand who do have the gumption to be-

gin chapter one of a story whose plot is far more fascinating than any Boy Stalks Girl or Detective Stalks Crook thriller, will find the going hard. Like me, he will stumble over countless irritations the author has put in the way of the story which will make him want to fling the book aside and say, "Important, yes; but practically impotent."

The fact is that our Eminent Sociologist has committed mental suicide because his vocabulary is inadequate to his job. What is an expert's testimony worth if it doesn't communicate?

Still from my high school days I remember a line of an Anglo-Saxon poem written about 1400 years ago: "Widsuth spake; he unlocked his word-hoard."

Widsuth was a minstrel, a man who had words at his command, and the tough inarticulate barons and commoners of those dark ages must have envied the Widsuths. They were in great demand in the castles and villages. They told stories, sang songs, handed on the gossip and news from towns and castles down the line. They were the word-mongers. If the baron was in love, it was some Widsuth that gave him the words for his feelings. Barons fought, but minstrels and gleemen told the war

stories while barons listened. Unless there was a battle on or a brawl, the damp feudal halls were cheerless until a wandering minstrel happened along to tell the residents how they felt about life and things.

The descendants of Widsuth are many: the press, theatre, orator, radio. But still the living man whose word-hoard is meagre finds himself bored and boring. The wordless man is only half-alive. The more thought, the more life; and thinking is expanded and enriched as the individual adds new words.

Dr. Gallup's celebrated institute has not yet declared itself in this field, but a personal survey will reveal to the eavesdropper that most men's word-hoards are as bare as the cupboard of the pathetic old lady in Mother Goose.

The other day at the club a group on the verandah was passing judgment on an applicant who had been blackballed. It seems he was a *crook* and a *no-good*. This reject was unknown to me, and from these highly general labels I received no idea wherein his crookedness or lack of virtue resided.

There are at least a thousand words to choose from to give disapprobation color and point. Had

the blackballed one erred sexually, or at the table, or in speech, dress, talk, manners, pretensions, or lack of brains? Here are a few possibilities:

Sex: roué, rake, seducer, libertine, rip, lecher

Table: gourmand, glutton, gourmandizer

Dress: dandy, dude, fop, pop-injay

Manners: cad, boor, bore, bounder, vulgarian, snob

Speech: liar, whiner, grouser, slanderer, maligner, blusterer, boaster, windbag

Pretensions: hypocrite, humbug, fraud, quack, fourflusher, faker, sycophant, toady, upstart, stuffed shirt.

If he failed to fit any of these categories, maybe he was a spendthrift or a miser or a cheapskate, a simpleton or a gigolo, a yokel or a skinflint, a lout, a sot, or a philistine, kibitzer, crank, sneak, mope.

One error seldom loses a ball game, but habitual error and failure to make the most of chances never put team or man into a world's series. Scientific investigations have proved that social success generally goes to people who happen to command words adequate to any occasion. As it is a little late to argue the truism that

vocabulary is a handy weapon in business and at the party, let's skip that part and consider practically how to go about acquiring a word-hoard.

In *Martin Eden*, his autobiographical novel, Jack London tells how he won a vocabulary by the sweat of his brow. Working hard at long hours as an unskilled laborer, he had no time for formal study. He collected words from his reading and from the dictionary. He wrote them down on slips of paper, some of which he set up over the stove, some in the mirror, some in his pockets and in the sweatband of his hat. Whenever he had a free moment on the street car, or while shaving or cooking his meal, he studied words.

Few people will go to such heroic lengths for a mere vocabulary, which is one reason why there are so few Jack Londons.

Jack's is the hard way, and not a particularly good one. It is hard because it is unorganized, and it is not good because there is such a thing as adding the wrong words. As to the latter point, a recent book on vocabulary building includes in its drills obscure offerings like *nocent*, *brumal* and *Laodicean*. No one but a show-off would flaunt such words in ordinary talk. No one but a Max Beerbohm or a

Christopher Morley would use them even in a literary essay. For the business of life *harmful, wintery*, and *indifferent* will do quite well.

Leaving aside the special language of his business, profession, hobby, or sport, every one of us has three vocabularies: in the order of their extent, they are the reading, writing, and speaking word-hoards. The problem is not so much to add new words from outside as to bring up words from reading store, through the writing vocabulary, into the speaking equipment.

Our reading vocabulary is full of passive words—words we can recognize but never use. Some of them, like *nocent* and *brumal*, can stay there. Others, like *flaunt*, *truism*, *meagre*, *ponder*, *alluring*, *impotent*, *obsession*, *inarticulate*, *enriched* (all used in this article), and the words that might have described the blackballed creature, are worth stocking up.

How does one begin? There are several approaches. The wisest way is to add a whole bundle of interrelated words at one time rather than to try corralling odds and ends that appeal to one.

Begin by adopting an element of awareness in your reading, underlining or otherwise making a note of any words that are worth

adding in themselves or that suggest other words. Examples:

1. You find *bagatelle* in your reading. Look it up in the dictionary, and in the thesaurus too. It suggests a whole set of words: *jot*, *tittle*, *iota*, *microcosm*, *particle*, *shred*, *scrap*, *scintilla*, *tittle-tattle*, and so on.

2. In the very next paragraph the word *recluse* may interest you. Reference to the two indispensable books in vocabulary learning, dictionary and thesaurus, will give on the one hand the related *closet*, *cloistered*, *claustrophobia*; on the other hand, *hermit*, *solitary*, *exile*, *anchorite*, *outcast*, *pariah*.

3. You underline *mordant* in the phrase, "mordant criticism." You discover that the word means "biting." If you have cultivated the habit of the word-sleuth, you are at once reminded of "cutting remark," "keen repartee," "penetrating interpretation" and other words and phrases which have come up from an original meaning of simple physical quality, words such as *incisive*, *acute*, *salient*.

4. Still another trail is the one that leads from word to word by root, prefix, or suffix. Let us say you start with *pathology*. You find the original meaning of *pathy* and of *ology*. The former leads you from pathos on to *pathetic*, anti-

pathy, sympathy, empathy, pathogenic; the latter from *logic* to dozens of words. On the way, the prefixes you have picked up, *a, sym, anti*, bring up hosts of other words and reveal them in a new light, getting back to original meanings—for example, *atheist, agnostic; symmetry, synthesis; antiphony, antithesis*.

The point about these four examples is that words that have a common factor, or that can be seen as organized around a common meaning or form, are better retained in the mind when learned together than any one of them can be if attacked separately.

Here are some assignments or homework which interested readers might find provocative:

1. Starting with the word *illustrious*, how many other words can be found which have the basic meaning of "bright" but which are now used mainly in a secondary sense? (Two of them are *splendid* and *resplendent*.)

2. Many words made from proper names out of Greco-Roman literature and mythology are in common use. Examples: *venereal, stentorian, plutocrat*. How long a list can you make?

3. Following the general idea of nouns of disapproval referring to men (mentioned in this article), how long a list of such words pe-

culiar to women can you draw up? Examples: *siren, jezebel, shrew*.

4. Put down all the adjectives you can think of or dig out of the dictionary—you'll have to hunt; they aren't all in one place—having the meaning of *sad*. Examples: *rueful, glum, downcast, lachrymose* (twenty-five are easily achieved). Then list them in order, as well as you can, from saddest to least sad.

These are only a few of the games you can play with the language, and you'll think up many more yourself as you go along. After the first plunge they prove absorbing and have this advantage over most games: that one can lose nothing by playing them.

An interesting experiment is to try at once to fit some of these words into situations. That woman who is trying to take Dick away from Joan, is she a *harpy*, a *siren*, or a *charmer*? To what or whom are you *sympathetic*? *Antipathetic*? That is, fix the word in your mind by making some use of it, and thus avoid making your study a purely academic one. There isn't a great deal of danger of that, anyway, because before one knows it he finds these newly rediscovered words slipping out in ordinary talk. Vocabulary-building is a painless process once started. But you must start. —ALISON AYLESWORTH

A word to readers We were recently requested by an editor of a magazine

for writers to comment on what qualifies an article for acceptance in a general publication. That was a little too tough to answer off-hand, so we told him it was too easy and proceeded instead to analyze why certain types of articles submitted to this publication from at least three of the four corners of the world fall short of acceptance.

You wouldn't be interested in most of it, but there is one point which perhaps carries its moral. We quote it here with the very gracious permission of the copyright owner:

"Some articles are 'think-pieces.' They represent one man's opinion on a given subject. The essay is no longer a popular literary form. To be sure, an H. G. Wells can philosophize almost at random, and the combination of his name, the quality of his thought and the manner of his expression will probably (though by no means certainly) result in the publication of the article. But most writers, when they look into their minds and set down on paper what they see there, draw a blank. Joseph Blake's opinion, stated in 2,000 words, that war is hell is of

no special significance to anyone. If Mr. Blake, instead of pouring out his thoughts on the subject, will go in for a siege of research, come up with some new or at least unfamiliar data, and then marshal these facts into a dramatically convincing presentation of his thesis, he will have something there."

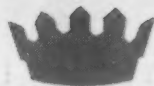
Now, this is not intended as a lesson on how not to write for *Coronet*. But it could be made into a lesson on how to read *Coronet* or, for that matter, any other magazine which hews to the same editorial standards.

In order to attain print, an article has presumably risen above the level of a "think-piece." And it can do that only if the author has discovered and exploited some mine of information not readily available. In so doing he adds to your store of knowledge—but only if, when he knocks, you let him in.

The next time you read an article, try approaching it from the point of view of a Croesus who has commissioned his special agent to gather enlightening data on a subject of interest. It's a legitimate attitude to adopt. After all, that's essentially what you do when you buy a copy of a magazine.

* * *

The new issue of *Coronet* appears on the 25th of each month.



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for
FEBRUARY
1940

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EDITORS:

ARNOLD GINGRICH

BERNARD GEIS

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